THE LIVING AGE

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The World in Review

In This Number:

A Small Boy Seeing Giants	*Max Beerbohm*
Mobilization Day	*Ignazio Silone*
The Late H. G. Wells	*H. G. Wells*
An Interview with Freud	*Odette Pannetier*
The Golden Road	*Peter Fleming*
Ace Morality	*Bernard Shaw*
A Portrait of La Pasionaria	*Élie Faure*
Jacob (A Story)	*James Hanley*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

MAX BEERBOHM is too well known to need any introduction. Recently he has been trying his hand at radio broadcasting. *A Small Boy Seeing Giants* is the last of several talks he gave over the facilities of the British Broadcasting Company just before returning to his adopted home in Italy. [p. 102]

MR. GÜNTHER STEIN, formerly a foreign correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, is now the Tokyo correspondent of the *Pester Lloyd*, a Budapest German-language daily. His present article deals with some of the inner weaknesses which may be found behind Japan's bold front. [p. 108]

THE second article of the group, by a correspondent of the London *Times*, is at once an illustration of and an emendation to the first. Describing life in a Japanese cotton mill, it gives, on the whole, a much brighter picture than Mr. Stein's. [p. 111]

MOBILIZATION DAY is a chapter from a new book by the author of *Fontamara*, the 'highlight of the work,' according to a review in the August LIVING AGE. Mr. Mosbacher's English translation is scheduled for publication in England shortly, in America early next year. [p. 116]

A TERRORIST IN SPAIN purports to reveal the amazing activities of the fanatical monarchists in the weeks preceding the outbreak of the civil war. [p. 123]

ODETTE PANNETIER is one of the most malicious of the malicious tribe of French women journalists. In *Appointment in Vienna* she tells how she fooled Freud. [p. 138]

TALES OF TARTARY brings together travelers' impressions of parts of Old Russia. Kishinev is now a part of Rumania, but, as Philippe Lamour discovered, life goes on there exactly as it did when the Tsars occupied the Kremlin. [p. 147]

DISTASTEFUL though the news may be to the Friends of the Soviet Union, almost exactly the same statement may be made of some of the villages visited by Mr. Peter Fleming. Mr. Fleming is the author of *Brazilian Adventure* and *One's Company*. [p. 145]

MR. JULIEN BENDA, author of the essay on *The Uses of History*, is one of the best known of contemporary French philosophers. He writes frequently for the *Temps* and other papers. [p. 150]

JACOB is a short story about a Pole stranded in a seaman's hospital far from home. It is by James Hanley, the author of *The Furys*. [p. 153]

THE 'Persons' of this month are H. G. Wells in a half-whimsical evaluation of himself as he might be seen by the coming generation [p. 128]; General Francisco Franco, admired by the correspondent of a Conservative paper [p. 130]; the latest Right 'sensation,' Jacques Doriot [p. 132]; and La Pasionaria, the Spanish Communist woman deputy [p. 135].

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

October, 1936 *Volume 351, Number 4441*

The World Over

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR presents a picture of two conflicting forces, fairly well matched. The Government possesses popular support and fanatical courage among the militiamen, but a dangerous lack of military discipline and organization. The Rebels, on the other hand, have little support from the people. But their strongest detachments, the Foreign Legionaries and Moorish mercenaries brought over from Spanish Morocco, have demonstrated that they can rout, by their superior military skill, larger bodies of Government troops. Much of the success of the Rebels, therefore, seems to depend on the fidelity of these Moroccan troops and their reinforcement with similar forces from the African colony. If the Moors' loyalty to the Rebels constitutes such an important factor, it is largely because the non-intervention pact, initiated by France and finally approved by Britain, Russia, Germany and Italy, may completely shut off shipments of arms and munitions to both sides. In such a situation, with the Rebels uncertain of their Moroccans and in need of munitions, the Government forces have an excellent chance of winning. Events, of course, may alter this at any time, but the non-intervention pact, whether effective or not, remains a matter of considerable importance for Europe. The struggle for this pact, the diplomacy involved and the reasons why each of the Great Powers assented, illuminate not only the Spanish situation but also the internal situations of each of these powers.

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THE FRENCH POSITION in initiating this non-intervention pact demands some rather complicated explanation. The Front Populaire Government in France has had every reason to back the Frente Popular Government across the Pyrenees. As was shown in these columns last month, the installation of a Fascist Government friendly to Italy and Germany might have serious repercussions on French military policy in case of war. But the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs differed sharply from the many followers of Premier Léon Blum who wished to aid Madrid. The Quai d'Orsay's permanent personnel follow traditional foreign policies and tend to protect the larger diplomatic interests of France rather than existing political line-ups. Pertinax, the famous political writer, offers the best defence of France's non-intervention policy. According to his view, by supporting Madrid France runs a risk of backing the wrong horse; if the Rebels win, France would face an angry enemy on her southern border. While if the Madrid Government wins, it will in all likelihood be incapable of defending the Balearic Isles and Morocco, which are strategically necessary to the transportation of French troops from Africa to France.

But the principal reason for French prudence lies in the international situation on the eve of the meeting of the Five Powers. England so far has taken no official position opposed to the Franco-Soviet Pact. But a spread of disorder and radicalism, perhaps anarchism, in Spain might turn England against this pact. At the coming meeting of the Five, France will strive to get a general peace pact covering both eastern and western Europe. Germany, while showing no objection to the latter, has been strongly opposed to the former. Obviously Hitler still entertains his dream of attacking Russia and seizing the Ukraine. Also Hitler's denunciation of the Franco-Soviet pact is vigorous. In case Spain relapses into anarchy following French support of Madrid, Hitler would have an excellent talking point for opposing the eastern pact on the grounds of the 'Communist menace,' and for further assailing the Franco-Soviet pact. In this he would undoubtedly be joined by Mussolini, and quite possibly by conservative Britain.

BRITAIN'S ADHERENCE to the Spanish Pact reveals the confusion which reigns within her governing ranks. From a long-range imperial point of view, Britain's interests should have drawn British support to Madrid in order to ward off any chance of Italian domination of the Western Mediterranean, with its threat to Gibraltar and the route to India. But Conservative opinion in the Government has been so violently anti-radical and anti-Communist that the Baldwin Cabinet has leaned the other way. The strongest motive behind the British decision in favor of non-intervention lies in the desire not to trouble international

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waters lest repercussions, war or threats of war, should upset the present prosperity at home.

In spite of certain disturbing signs, which economists and business commentators never cease to point out, British prosperity continues to increase. For one thing, the collapse of the building boom, often predicted even by the Government, has failed to appear. Residential building has shown a slight slowing up, but this has been more than offset by large buildings and public housing. The London *Statist* reports that the outlook for building is still very bright. Unemployment in the building industry is the lowest of any year since 1929. The steel output for the first seven months of this year, 6,717,500 tons, exceeded that for the same period of last year by practically 20 per cent, while the corresponding increase in pig iron production was 18½ per cent. The production of new motor vehicles continues to increase at an amazing rate. The level of Stock Exchange values has moved upward in the last few weeks of the summer. The London *Economist's* index figure of business activity is mounting. Unemployment figures give cause for confidence, too: the total of insured unemployed in August, 1,613,940, was lowest in more than six years. With a Premier like Mr. Baldwin, whose tactic has been to 'leave well enough alone,' it is understandable why Britain should take no positive steps on one side or the other of the Spanish imbroglio.

WHATEVER ADVANTAGE Germany might gain from the establishment of a Fascist régime in Spain, the German Government undoubtedly found agreement to the non-intervention pact the better part of international valor. Spain, after all, constitutes a problem of much less importance at the present time than rearmament. Large-scale supplying of arms to the Rebels would divert energies which might better go into the Reich's own defence problems. Chief among these problems is defence work in the Rhineland. Reports concerning the building of actual fortifications in this area have conflicted. But there seems little doubt that railway construction has been pushed with a military object in view. A correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* describes these activities. The construction of the new strategic railway line, Türkismühle-Kusel, proceeds at an increased speed. Another new direct line, between Coblenz and Saarbrücken, has been started in order to shorten the distance between these towns by two hours. A new railway bridge is planned to cross the Rhine between Longerich and Wiesdorf. Lines between Dortmund and Cologne are being doubled and main stations considerably enlarged. Secondary lines with narrow tracks are being enlarged to normal gauge. The total cost of this work runs to an estimated $125,000,000. All this means a considerable speeding of communication between the whole of southwestern Germany and the French and Lux-

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emburg frontiers—and better opportunity to execute the 'swift thrust' on the opening day of war, the plan which has obsessed German military strategy for many years.

This requires money, and German finances, as is well known, have had increasing difficulties to face. Accordingly, with his hope of British financial support still undiminished, Dr. Schacht could well intervene with the Chancellor to modify his Spanish policy when the British Government urged Germany to assent to the non-intervention pact. Besides, Hitler has bigger fish to fry. The Nazi press has increased the tempo and virulence of its attack on Soviet Russia. This suggests that Germany is pushing her plans to make the Communist menace the new crusade and her own position that of leader in an attack on Russia.

MOSCOW has not overlooked this development. The fact that the 'old Bolsheviks' Kamenev, Zinovieff, and the rest, were arrested at a critical period of the Spanish situation was probably no accident. In the past the Soviet Government has shown that it knows how to time such matters. The recent Trotskyist-baiting provided an excellent opportunity to demonstrate to the capitalistic world, already inclined to listen to Hitler's anti-Soviet talk, that Soviet Russia can take strong measures against former Bolsheviks who preach world revolution. Placing the emphasis on the Stalin thesis of 'Socialism in Russia first, world revolution later,' may prove a valuable card in the international political game which Moscow has been playing. Accordingly, Soviet Russia followed France's lead in non-intervention.

AS FOR MUSSOLINI, he had good reason to restrain his imperialistic ambitions and to keep from precipitating a war in the Mediterranean over the Spanish question. Italy has as much reason to court the City as Germany. Italian finances have recently appeared anything but favorable and a loan, even from the British, would be welcome. For the bill for the Abyssinian adventure is now being rendered. On the basis of actual figures of appropriations for war expenses, it would seem that up to June 30 last the Abyssinian campaign had cost at least $1,125,000,000, a sum sufficient to disturb the economic equilibrium of a financially stable nation and one sure to react seriously upon a country with a financial structure so flimsy as Italy's. Imperialism is a costly business for the average Italian. It is estimated that as a consequence of the Abyssinian campaign the annual cost of the colonial debt which must be borne by the Italian people has been increased to a sum more than six times that spent *per annum* on social services and relief.

On the other side of the balance sheet there is very little to show. Italians insisted before the campaign that in order to become self-suffi-

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cient Italy must have the raw materials which Abyssinia was said to possess. Among essential raw materials, Italy is completely or virtually dependent on foreign sources for her supplies of chrome ore, mica, nickel, platinum, rubber, tin, tungsten, coal, copper, cotton, iron, lead, manganese, petroleum, wool and zinc. Of these Marshal Badoglio declares that Abyssinia will now provide platinum, rubber, cotton and petroleum, together with some potash, gold, silver and various minor materials. But in a recently published survey of the new Italian acquisition, the British Imperial Institute indicates that the prizes which the Italian Marshal claims are by no means lucrative or abundant. The mica so far developed, this report shows, 'scarcely paid for the cost of extraction.' Little progress has been made in platinum, either, and in one area the amount present is not enough to justify working the primary rock. As for oil, 'productive oil-bearing strata are likely to be limited.' Even gold, the most important mineral so far extracted, is minute. Data like this suggest that Italy can show but a microscopic return for her billion odd dollars. Of course the colonial appetites of dictators are enormous. But it seems that for the present a limit has been reached, and that Mussolini did well to think twice before plunging into another colonial adventure as a result of the Spanish civil war.

MEANWHILE, in two other areas, Poland and Rumania, the conflicting forces of French and German influence have respectively registered victories, provisional as these may prove to be. France and Poland have revived the defensive alliance which they formed in 1921 and subsequently allowed to lapse, and France has agreed to lend Poland $148,500,000 with which to enlarge the equipment of her army.

The Polish army strength, indeed, constitutes a power which the French have good reason to wish to retain. From a present population of 34,000,000, increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year, Poland could mobilize an army of nearly 5,000,000. The standing army exceeds 300,000, with about 4,000,000 reserves who have completed their military training. About 350,000 men now reach the conscription age of twenty-one every year. Those accepted serve two years. Most of the senior officers of the high command saw active service in the World War and in the Polish-Bolshevik war of 1920. Thus the Polish Army is not only large but well-trained.

A SHAKE-UP in the Rumanian cabinet has resulted in the most sensational development in Balkan politics in the past six months. Titulescu, the friend of France and Soviet Russia, the opponent of Germany and the foe of all pro-German and Fascist organizations in the country, was dropped from the new Cabinet list. This caused profound rejoicing in

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Berlin, mourning in Paris and a general feeling throughout Europe that Rumania has definitely moved into the German sphere of influence.

Behind the anti-Semitic agitation of Fascist elements against King Carol's favorite, Lupescu (a Jewess), there has been a renewed growth of Fascism, with connections in the Reich and strong backing in the country. Suppression of the famous Fascist organization, the Iron Guard, after its supporters had assassinated Premier Duca in 1933, did not eliminate this organization. Re-created by its leaders under the title of 'All for the Fatherland,' it is but one of a number of other Fascist groups: Goga's Christian National Party; the Legionary, under General Averescu; the National Socialist Party; the Corporative Party, etc. At the recent Rumanian Fascist student congress fraternal delegates from Germany appeared and spoke in S.A. uniforms. After a visit to Berlin at the expense of the German government, Goga wrote a eulogy of Alfred Rosenberg, the chief Nazi apostle of the spread of German Fascism abroad, and the eulogy was widely printed in the Rumanian press. It is charged that sixty Bucharest newspapers have received subsidies from Berlin.

Shoulder to shoulder with these organizations stands the numerically small but culturally powerful group of German colonists in Rumania, estimated at 500,000. These colonists have occupied the key towns in Transylvania for six hundred years, and they remain thoroughly German in outlook. Since Hitler's advent, Nazi organizations have spread widely among these Germans and have set up the National Socialist party of Rumania. Today, this party dominates the country's German population. Together with the indigenous Fascist organizations, it has undoubtedly contributed to the fall of Titulescu and the decline of French influence.

THE ESTABLISHMENT of a dictatorship in Greece has been interpreted by many to mean still another triumph for German influence in the Balkans. It is true that General Metaxas has had intimate contacts with Germany. He was trained in the Kriegsakademie and other military institutions in Berlin. The trimmings with which he set up his dictatorship bear many of the traces of German influence: violent anti-Communist and anti-Semitic propaganda, for instance. But the true picture is quite different from this.

The revealing incident of the Metaxas coup came after the dictatorship was established. On the day following this action all the leaders of Parliamentary groups waited on the King in a body to protest against the abolition of the Constitution and the dissolution of the Assembly. The King had previously shown himself favorable to democratic processes and was expected to respond to this delegation in similar manner.

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Instead he received the delegates with empty pleasantries and virtually refused to discuss the situation with them, saying that he had waited eight months for Parliament to do something and that now he was determined to take matters into his own hands.

By this statement King George II threw off the mask of democratic and constitutional monarchy by which he was able to win the throne. According to a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian:*—

> Today King George II and not General Metaxas is the real master of the situation in Greece, for the Army, Navy and Air Force are united in the determination to carry out only the King's orders and wishes. General Metaxas realizes this fully and, as chief executive, takes the official burden of responsibility upon himself entirely.

Inasmuch as King George II was enabled to regain the throne through British intrigue, it looks as if it is the British who have scored here and not Germany—indeed, perhaps at the expense of both Italy and Germany. For with Italy's power in the Mediterranean growing, a pro-British government in this area may prove helpful to the British in their frantic attempt to keep the Gibraltar-Suez-India route open.

THE TENSION between Japan and China created by the murder of two Japanese at Chengtu, West China, and a third at Pakhoi, and Japan's announced intention of insisting on harsh demands in reparation suggest that an extremely serious crisis in Sino-Japanese relations is approaching. At the same time, Chinese agitation against Japanese encroachment reaches a new intensity. There is a growing sentiment that China has stood all that a nation can endure and retain its self-respect. There is a by no means inconsiderable section of the Chinese people which believes it better to take arms and die fighting rather than be thought to have acquiesced in the rape of territories which Japan has already committed and those others which it is feared she contemplates.

At the same time the situation within Japan gives much support to the view that some definite and drastic development is due. This situation is discussed by Günther Stein in another part of this issue.

Foreign war always offers a convenient method of escape for a ruling class facing intolerable conditions at home, and, as Mr. Stein suggests, there is grave danger that the Japanese ruling class may take that way out of the present difficulties. On the interaction of forces in China and Japan depends the next turn events will take in the Far East.

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The 'incomparable Max' recalls the heroes of his boyhood days in London.

A Small Boy Seeing Giants

By MAX BEERBOHM

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Company

LADIES and Gentlemen:—

The title that has just been announced to you is perhaps rather cryptic. And as I am not a young poet, and have not that lovely modesty which forbids the young poet to think that his meaning could matter twopence to anybody on this earth, I hasten to explain that the Small Boy is myself —or rather *was* myself, half a century ago; and that the Giants were some more or less elderly Liberal or Conservative gentlemen who governed England in those days. They were my great hobby. I might almost say that they were my passion. I hadn't the honor of knowing any of them personally. But I knew them all by sight. And it was always with rapture that I saw them.

In my earlier years, soldiers had monopolized the romantic side of me. Although, like all my coevals, I wore a sailor suit, my heart was with the land forces; insomuch that I insisted on wearing also, out of doors, a belt with a sword attached to it, and on my breast a medal which, though it had merely the Crystal Palace embossed on it, I associated with the march to Kandahar. I used to watch with emotion the sentries changing guard outside Kensington Palace; and it was my purpose to be one of them hereafter. Meanwhile I made many feeble little drawings of them, which I colored strongly.

But somehow, mysteriously, when I was eight years old or so, the soldiery was eclipsed for me by the constabulary. Somehow the scarlet and the bearskins began to thrill me less than the austere costume and calling of the Metropolitan Police. Once in every two hours a policeman came, on his beat, past the house of my parents. At the window of the dining-room I would await his coming, punctually behold him with profound interest, and watch him out of sight. It was not the daffodils that marked for me the coming of the season of Spring. It was the fact that policemen suddenly wore short tunics with steel buttons. It was not the fall of the leaf nor the swallows' flight that signaled Autumn to me.

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It was the fact that policemen were wearing long thick frock-coats with buttons of copper.

But even more than in the daytime did policemen arrest me, as it were, in the watches of the night. The dark lantern was the truly great, the irresistible thing about them. More than once, from the window of my night-nursery, I had seen that lantern flashed at opposite front doors and through area-railings. My paintings of policemen were mostly nocturnes—a dim, helmeted figure with a long white ray of light. Although I possessed, of course, a dark lantern of my own, and used it much, I preferred my occasional glimpses of the genuine article, and looked forward impatiently to being a member of the Force. But the young are faithless. By the time I was eleven years old I despised the Force. I was interested only in politicians—in statesmen, as they were called at that time.

I had already, for some years, been aware of them. I had seen them, two-dimensionally and on a small scale, every Wednesday, in the pages of *Punch*, and had in a remote and tepid way revered them. I had not thought of them as actual, live men. Rather, they were, as portrayed in the cartoons of the great John Tenniel, nobly mythical to me. Sometimes they wore togas; but more often they wore chitons and breastplates, and were wielding or brandishing swords. Their shins were protected by greaves, and their calves were immensely muscular; and in the matter of biceps they were unsurpassable. They were Ajaxes and Hectors and Achilleses. Now and then they rose to greater heights, becoming Herculeses, Vulcans, Marses and the like.

Punch was firmly Gladstonian in its politics; and therefore the Prime Minister was always more muscular than any of his enemies, redoubtable though they too were; and the attitudes that he struck were more striking than theirs. I didn't quite like this. For my father was a Conservative, and so, accordingly, was I. I wished—though I didn't care enough to pray—for the downfall of Gladstone.

Some time in the year 1883 I read a speech delivered in the House of Commons by Lord Randolph Churchill. I felt that here was the man to compass the downfall; for he was so very rude. Even the best-behaved little boys rejoice in the rudeness of other people. Lord Randolph's rudeness in a good cause refreshed my young heart greatly; nor ever did his future speeches disappoint me. But, much though I delighted in him, I didn't quite think of him as an actual person. I thought of him as Phaëton. Tenniel—or was it Linley Sambourne?—had depicted him as Phaëton, standing ready on the ground while old Sir Stafford Northcote (the leader of the Opposition, here depicted as Phœbus Apollo) was driving the chariot of the sun. I resented the cartoonist's analogy. But the physical image abode with me.

It was the London Stereoscopic Company that first opened my eyes to the fact that Churchill and Gladstone, Northcote and Harcourt, Chamberlain, Hartington and all those others were actual, mortal, modern men. Not until I was nearly twelve did I inspect that great long double window on the eastern side of Regent Street, famous for its galaxy of photographs of eminent personages. The place of honor was accorded, of course, to members

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of the Royal Family. But precedence over Archbishops and Bishops, Generals, Admirals, Poets, Actors and Actresses was taken by the Statesmen, as we no longer call them. Not even to Lord Tennyson and Sir Garnet Wolseley and Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Connie Gilchrist was accorded such prominence as to the least of these. For these were giants in those days.

They were not perhaps Gods, but they certainly were Titans, in the public eye. And here they all were in *my* eye, tailored and hosier'd as men. With luck, I might some day see one of them in the street. I studied the portraits keenly. I fixed the features in my mind. I stayed there long. And on my way home I saw a man who was unmistakably—Mr. Childers. To you, Ladies and Gentlemen, I suppose his name means nothing. But he was at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was a great, a throbbing moment.

Of Mr. Childers I made several drawings—very unpromising little drawings—when I reached my home. And thereafter, in the course of my holidays from school, I drew many of his colleagues. When a Cabinet Council was to be held, the fact was usually announced by the morning papers of that day. And there at the hour appointed, there on the pavement of Downing Street, opposite to No. 10, would be I, awaiting breathlessly the advent of the Giants. The greatest and most awful of them all would of course be invisible. Mr. Gladstone was somewhere behind those brown brick walls. But the others would be vouchsafed to me, one of them coming perhaps from the direction of Parliament Street, another from the courtyard of the Government Offices behind me, another up the flight of steps from St. James's Park.

They are dead, one and all of them. Most of them died very many years ago. While I stood staring at them, Mr. Asquith was unknown to them: he was just a barrister in fairly good practice. The present Father of the House of Commons, Mr. Lloyd George, was a young solicitor, roaming nightly with bare feet and dreamful eyes along the clouded ridges of the Welsh mountains and hailing the roseate dawn. Mr. Baldwin was at Harrow. Mr. Austen Chamberlain was at Cambridge, Mr. Neville Chamberlain at Rugby. Mr. Winston Churchill was a pugnacious and not very happy little boy at a preparatory school. Many, many years were to elapse before Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Harold Nicolson and Mr. A. P. Herbert were summoned forth from among the infinite ranks of the unborn. I am what the writers of obituary notices call 'an interesting link with the past.'

I wish I could have foreseen the future. Had I done so—had I known how exactly, how furtively like one another our rulers would try to look—I should have reveled even more than I did revel at the sight of those men of 1884. Visually, they let themselves go, without self-consciousness or fear. Each one of them was a law unto himself. Some of them—Lord Kimberley, for example, and Mr. Dodson—had beards without mustaches. Some of them were clean-shaven. One of them, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, had always what looked like a four days' growth of beard. Lord Hartington's beard and mustache were far longer than Sir Charles Dilke's. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was content with small side-

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whiskers. Sir William Harcourt had a 'Newgate frill.' So had Lord Northbrook, who wore, however and moreover, a becoming tuft on the chin. The wide, pale, pleasantly roguish face of old Lord Granville was framed in masses of silvery curls. Some wore their hair long, others short. Some of them dressed badly, others—in an offhand way—well. To none of them, except Chamberlain and Dilke, those two harbingers of another age, would one have applied the epithet *neat*. Believe me, they offered no end of latitude to the limner.

Spiritually, nevertheless, they bore strong likenesses to one another. Barring the two harbingers, and barring of course Mr. Gladstone, who was a creature apart, not to be fitted into any category whatsoever, they were authentic Whigs, one and all; eighteenth-century men, despite their date. Some of them were old enough to have dined often at Holland House. Not one of them, I feel sure, had failed to breakfast frequently with Mr. Samuel Rogers.

The new Government Offices were still new to them, and I expect they admired those buildings greatly. They remembered the time when Downing Street had lodging houses in it, and a tavern or two, and a milliner's shop—things inconsonant with the affairs of a great nation. I daresay they regretted that Nos. 10 and 11 had not been demolished and rebuilt in the grandiose modern fashion. What charm would the Eighteenth Century have had for gentlemen who were a part of it? The love of by-gone things is a quite recent growth—due mainly to the fact that we have fallen on evil times. If we could all of us follow Mr. H. G. Wells's good example, dismiss the present from our minds, and fix our eyes steadfastly on the future, then we could share his wholesome contempt for the past.

But we can't. We are morbid, I, perhaps, more so than most of us. Some weeks ago, as I was passing through St. James's Park, I looked up towards the street that I had so fondly haunted in my childhood—the street of the Giants. I ascended the steps to it and stood again before No. 10, gazing. 'This sweet corner,' Horace Walpole had called it in a letter written by him therefrom to Sir Horace Mann. *Sweet* is a trivial epithet, but one must remember that Horace's father, Sir Robert, had no preceding Giant in that corner: only a little of history had been made there as yet; the rest was to come. I gazed at the house of Pitt and Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, and all those others; at the narrow front-door, with the unassuming fanlight above it; at the lantern in the traceries of the wrought-iron 'overthrow' beneath which so many Giants had stepped so long before I was born. And then my eye was attracted by a gray-blue placard in one of the two hall windows. . . .

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These words I read with surprise, but with entire sympathy. Here was an excellent cause to support, a very good use for the old garden to be put to. Had I been rich enough, I would have bought a ticket. But I rather wondered what Horace Walpole would have had to say in the matter. Something supercilious, something flippant, I am afraid. He was rather inhuman.

I wished I could see again those old Gladstonian figures—and the Salisburyans who succeeded to them in '85: the distinguished and formidable figure of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach; the distinguished and venerable figure of Lord John Manners, that last survivor of the Young England movement, whom Miss Charlotte Brontë, when as a young man he visited Haworth parsonage, had thought so handsome; above all, the distinguished and attractive figure of Lord Randolph, my chosen hero. He seemed, in some ways, always rather out of the picture. He seemed young for Downing Street, and had the air of a man of fashion rather than of affairs. He alone wore a mustache without beard or whiskers—an arrangement suggestive of levity. His was the only top-hat that was ironed, and it was ironed to the utmost luster. He alone smoked cigarettes, and he smoked them through a very long amber mouthpiece. He, and only he, sometimes wore a buttonhole. Sometimes he looked as happy and insouciant as Mr. Gladstone's young disciple, Lord Rosebery; at other times, and oftener, he looked as tragically sad as did Lord Rosebery in later years. Very different though the two men were in character, they had points in common. The gods had bestowed on both of them shining gifts of mind and of speech, and had foredoomed them both to fail irretrievably.

There is much to be said for failure. It is more interesting than success. Rosebery and Randolph Churchill are, among the office-holders of their generation, the only two that still hold our attention and stir our curiosity. Lord Salisbury, their elder contemporary, is a noble, a monumental figure which does not detain us. It may be that if the veteran Mr. Gladstone had carried Home Rule he would be rather less detentive than he now is. For some time after his death we tended to depreciate him. Three or four years ago I was amused by a conversation between two political ladies of fashion, one an Asquithian Liberal, the other a Tory. The Liberal one, after having spoken of Mr. Gladstone with enthusiasm, said: 'But of course people only talk of Dizzy now. Gladstone's forgotten.' The Tory one said: 'Oh—I thought he was rather comin' in again, dear?'

She was right. Mr. Gladstone is once more with us. Here he is, the mystical realist. Dizzy, the sceptical idealist, is rather further away. Dizzy is, of course,—Dizzy always was,—irresistible. His novels, his phrases, some of his speeches even, can still delight us deeply. His imagination and his wit are glorious, as was his patience. But he lacks something. In the last year of his life, speaking to one of the members of the Fourth Party, he said, 'I fully appreciate your feelings but you must stick to Northcote. He represents the respectability of the Party. I wholly sympathize with you all, because *I* was never respectable.' Nor has he become so. We can revel in him; but we cannot respect him. There is something unreal, something absurd

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about him. In this unrestful and threatened age of the world's history we are moved to hanker after the moral force and fervor, and the endless vitality of Gladstone. We want a Gladstone *de nos jours*.

I saw him only three times. Once from the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons, early in 1885; and then and there for the first and last time, I also heard him. He was merely answering a question about procedure, but he spoke for not less than a couple of minutes, in low tones, leaning far forward, with hands outspread upon the table, and ever turning from side to side and around, envisaging the whole assembly. Though I regarded him as a great power for evil, he fascinated, he won me.

The second time was a year or so later. I was one of the crowd that assembled in Parliament Square when he was about to introduce the first Home Rule Bill. There were boos among the cheers as he drove past, beside his wife, in an open landau, gravely bowing, his great dark eyes very wide open in his ivory-white old face. I was not among the booers. I cheered—in spite of myself—wildly.

The third time, I was an undergraduate, standing high on the steps outside the Sheldonian Theatre, in which building Mr. Gladstone, after long absence from Oxford, was to lecture on the Homeric poems. The Vice-Chancellor's brougham punctually arrived, and out of it stepped the Vice-Chancellor and, in his D.C.L. robes, Mr. Gladstone, bareheaded, amidst a tumultuous welcome. He ascended the steps, dark-eyed, white-faced, smiling; very old, but stalwart; he turned, stood, bowed slowly, deeply, from side to side, to the crowd below. He had bowed to many crowds, in his day, but never to one that loved him more than this one. I associate him always with Oxford.

And it was with Oxford—more, even, than with Scotland, I think—that he especially associated himself. When he lay dying, the Hebdomadal Council sent to him a message of regard and affection. 'To this,' says his biographer, John Morley, 'he listened most attentively and over it brooded long; then he dictated to his youngest daughter sentence by sentence his reply: "There is no expression of Christian sympathy that I could value more than that of the ancient University of Oxford, the God-fearing and God-sustaining University of Oxford. I served her, perhaps mistakenly, but to the best of my ability. My most earnest prayers are with her to the uttermost and to the last."'

These are grand words. With them let me close my talk. I said at the outset that I was an interesting link with the past. Perhaps that was begging the question. I claim merely that I am a link with the past. If I have bored you, forgive me. And be of good cheer. This is the last time that I shall have the honor of addressing you, for the present. I am going to Italy, to my home, and shall not soon be here again. And so I wish you not only Goodnight, but also Goodbye.

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Here are two articles on contemporary Japan. The first, by a German, gives a rather gloomy picture of internal conditions, while the second, by an Englishman, describes in much brighter terms a typical Japanese cotton mill.

The Youth *of* Japan

I. A Chain Is As Strong

By Günther Stein

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

BEHIND Japan's mighty armaments many a weakness is hidden, and many a fear behind the strong language which she uses in her relations with other nations. Any one who lives in Japan comes across examples of this contrast every day.

Japan has made very great strides recently in foreign policy, in the military, technical and industrial fields—but these strides have meant unimaginably great efforts for the country. The more Japan's ambitious Army and Navy urge on the nation, the more apparent it becomes how greatly the ruthless pace of this external advance is undermining Japan's inner strength, how it is forever accentuating her domestic crisis. The development of this crisis is keeping step with the crisis in the policy of isolation, with the growing strength of the imaginary arch-enemy, the Soviet Union, and with the increasing resistance China and the Western Powers are offering to Japan's expansion. Japan is facing a major test of her strength.

The disastrous conjunction of external advance and domestic enfeeblement is already manifest in the physical development of the Japanese people—to the great concern of the Army and Navy.

To be sure, all the young Japanese of today are on the average slightly taller than the youth of thirty years ago—about one inch more for women and two inches for men. This is an unusual phenomenon, showing short-term 'racial improvement,' and indi-

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cating plainly the Japanese people's potentialities for development. Simultaneously, however, the average weight of the young people has fallen; their chest expansion has decreased; the condition of their teeth has grown worse; and their near-sightedness has increased alarmingly. (It is by far the worst in the world.) Foreigners walking the streets or the beaches wonder time and again how a people who are so unimpressive physically can make such progress.

The average life-span of the Japanese is slowly lengthening, while the general death-rate—which is still high—is falling, and excess births are rising despite a recent increase in infant mortality. All this results in an unusually rapid population growth; but all signs point simultaneously to the fact that the bodily strength and health of the average Japanese is growing poorer. The tremendous increase in the percentage of rejections of conscripts for both Army and Navy is a depressing symptom. In the past decade the percentage of rejections has risen from 25 to 40 per cent of all the young men examined. In certain large cities and in agrarian districts where there is much suffering, every other youth is unfit for service. Similarly the health of young mothers has declined. Complaints on this score are heard today even from military authorities.

Particularly alarming is the increase in tuberculosis. Its incidence among those called to the service is ten times as great today as it was at the beginning of the century. No less than a fifth of all young men are rejected by the Army and Navy because of tuberculosis alone; and of the relatively large number of recruits discharged after a short time for reasons of health the majority suffer from tuberculosis.

The slight improvements that have been made in the traditional Japanese standard of living, the development of modern hygiene and the widespread sports activities which are carried on in present-day Japan have just sufficed to make the average individual somewhat taller, his life-span somewhat longer and the entire population very much more numerous than was possible under the yoke of ancient feudalism. But the demands made by the advance to the position of a political and industrial Great Power have prevented the qualitative development from keeping pace with the quantitative. The standard of living could be but slightly improved, for as large a part of the national income as possible has been devoted to the realization of the nation's external aims. The diet of the masses—traditionally limited almost entirely to rice, with the occasional addition of salted vegetables and a little fish—has remained inadequate, as have housing and clothing standards. At the same time, however, the demands made of the people, both physical and mental, have been constantly increased, and the state has categorically rejected every thought of a rational limitation of births.

II

The unusual demands Japan makes of her people begin during the school years (which for many children also include gainful occupation). Japan may indeed be proud that she is the only Asiatic nation to have abolished illiteracy; but the health of her young people has been the price she has had

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to pay, for the State has stubbornly clung to the old scholarly script, which includes thousands of unimaginably difficult Chinese characters. This has apparently been done as a protection against foreign insight into Japanese ways of thought and also as a means of differentiating between the masses, who are able to read and write just enough to serve their daily needs, and a learned upper crust having access to all literature, including the 'dangerous' kind. This script, which, for reasons of economy, is printed in a simplified form today, puts an extraordinary strain even on the elementary student, who must learn about two thousand of these complex characters. The same thing is true of education generally, which is based largely on learning by heart, as well as on military drill, which begins in earliest youth.

The newly developed industry, built upon long hours of intensive and greatly under-paid work, absorbs the young boys and girls as soon as they are graduated from school, and rapidly increases their overwork. These industries, with their often unhealthy working conditions, make inroads not only into the health of the urban population—as Army and Navy have now publicly declared—but also into that of the agrarian population, which has been sacrificed to the external progress of the nation to so great an extent anyway. Industry draws the country boys and girls into the cities for a few years of work and then sends them back again, often with impaired health, and hires new help. Moreover industry is invading agriculture; in this way augmenting somewhat the present insufficient income, but at the same time increasing the strain put upon bodily strength even more than does the primitive method of cultivating rice in the mud.

III

It is becoming ever more plain that the general economic strength of the country is also being undermined. With armaments growing, the public debt rises every year, the danger of inflation increases, and the economic reserves, which should be ready in case of war, are used up in advance. Even the extraordinary rise in Japanese exports, one of the most important symptoms of external progress, seems in the long run (as is becoming ever more plain) to be sapping the strength of the country rather than increasing it.

If one ignores the confusing figures of the total value of foreign trade and turns to the amount of merchandise Japan exchanges with other countries, the national loss in substance becomes apparent. Compared with 1931, Japan imported in 1935 only 14 per cent more goods from abroad (chiefly raw materials which she lacks); but in order to pay for this slight increase in imports Japan had to send abroad 75 per cent more of her own products (chiefly industrial) than in 1931.

Certain concrete examples make this marked change even more plain. In 1931 Japan had to export 308.5 yards of finished cotton cloth in order to be able to import 100 kilograms (220.5 pounds) of raw cotton. But at the beginning of 1936 she had to part with 516 yards of cotton cloth to obtain the same quantity of raw cotton as before. In 1931 Japan had to give only 1.33 pounds of finished

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rayon yarn to import 100 kilograms of cellulose for her artificial silk manufactures. In 1936, however, it took 2.87 pounds of rayon yarn to buy 100 kilograms of cellulose. In 1931, 100 kilograms of imported raw rubber could be bought with 7 dozen exported rubber shoes. In 1936, the price had risen to 16 dozen. In other words, Japan must sacrifice more and more of her substance in exchange for the same amount of this or that foreign product if she wishes to increase her foreign trade. But since her foreign trade serves her armaments and her economic preparations for war, she has, under the present circumstances, no other choice.

During the last few months, the Army and Navy have seen more clearly than ever before that the contrast between Japan's domestic situation and the position of power which she has built up outside her borders means grave dangers. Hence the call for reforms has grown louder. On the other hand it has also become plain how difficult such reforms are. As there are limits beyond which the budget cannot be increased, the creation of a Ministry of Health such as the Army is demanding could only be at the expense of armaments. Moreover, as long as the general diet of the people is not essentially improved such a Ministry could not hope for more than limited success. Any improvement in industrial working conditions such as is also being discussed by the military authorities would endanger Japan's competitive position and thus threaten the imports of raw materials important to the military. Agricultural reform, another slogan which is frequently heard, chiefly among the radical circles in the Army, would require tremendous public funds, which are not available; or at least it would raise urban wage scales, together with the price of rice, and thus increase the danger of inflation and also impair foreign trade.

The present moment hardly seems suitable for really large-scale reform, the need of which is now generally recognized. For Japan is engaged in a struggle. She is determined to continue to expand her armaments, and thus to open up beyond her borders those imagined sources of wealth which might ultimately make up for the growing loss of her inner strength.

II. The White Lilies

By A Tokyo Correspondent

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

NINE hundred Japanese girls sat on the matted floor, their feet tucked under them, while an old gentleman addressed them on 'mutual love.' When he had finished his discourse he turned to an altar on which a white lily shone among the duller Buddhist emblems, and prayed for the old folks at home. With clasped hands and closed eyes the girls remembered the farms in the deep country whence they had come. Then they sang and dispersed, chattering, to their dormitories. Two hours later they reappeared, wearing, instead of their Japanese dress, a 'gym' costume of short serge

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skirt and white blouse, and streamed across the compound to the factory.

It was an unexpected introduction to a spinning mill, and if the place had been a show factory, one would have felt suspicious, as visitors to factories in Moscow have sometimes felt. But the factory is twenty years old and the Japanese textile companies have newer and finer establishments to show inquirers. It had not been visited before by any foreigner. The writer selected the factory and the day of his visit, but gave the manager a few days' notice. The day chosen happened to be that of one of the monthly meetings. There are two each month: this religious-ethical service and a popular lecture.

One outstanding difference between Japanese and English mills is that in Japan the girls live on the factory premises, like soldiers in barracks. They are hired from the farms by recruiting agents employed by the industry. Their contracts are for two years. During that time they board and lodge in the factories. At the end of the contract, which may be extended, they return to the farm with an outfit of new clothes and a *dot*. My visit was made to see the living conditions of an ordinary factory, in which 90 per cent of the workers are under contract. I did not look at a spindle, but I went into every part of the living premises, and the meeting allowed of a good look at half of the workers.

The factory is one of 140,000 spindles. It employs 2,000 workers, of whom 200 are men and 1,800 girls. The men receive weekly wages and live in the neighborhood with their families. Their wages average about 60 yen a month. At the present rate of exchange that is the equivalent of £3 15s., but as the cost of living has hardly increased in Japan it will be fair to compute it by the old rate at £6. This rate is used throughout the article.

The girls are recruited from three adjacent farming counties and are not strangers to one another. Their average daily wage is 66 sen, or 1s. 4½d. Lodging and certain amenities are furnished by the company free. The girls pay for their food. Three meals are served daily. The food, sold under wholesale cost, costs the girls 3½d. a day.

It goes without saying that the kitchens are clean. The food would not attract an English worker, but it is better than the girls would expect to get in their homes. The menus for the day were: breakfast: rice, bean soup, pickles, tea. Midday: *suimono* (a clear soup), rice, fried fish, tea. Evening: *suimono*, rice, dried fish, spinach, radishes, tea. The girls supplement this diet by buying in the company's store cakes, sweets, fruit, etc.

Asked what his best selling lines were, the storekeeper answered: 'Cakes, then *zori* (Japanese slippers).' The girls also buy cosmetics, finery, and magazines. About half the stock consisted of kimono materials and haberdashery. A great and, in Japan, a painless economy: there was not a hat in the place. At the lecture the girls were all dressed in cheap but new and smart kimonos. In the street they would have passed for maidservants from comfortable homes taking their afternoon out. In their 'gym' costumes, going to the mill, or mustered in the playing field for their daily fifteen minutes of physical drill, they looked

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from a little distance like high-school girls.

The store is open also to the outside workers and their families. It is not subventioned by the company, but the goods are bought in large quantities and the prices are below those prevailing in the neighborhood. Any small profit goes to the factory welfare work.

The idea of welfare work comes from abroad, but when a foreign idea is imported to Japan, it acquires a native slant. One does not walk about this factory without discovering that all its welfare work is dominated by a moral idea. That idea is paternalism: it seeks to convince the workers that the company takes care of them, physically, morally, and mentally, and it inspires the feeling that they are parts of an organism which has a claim on their loyalty.

II

Near the gate stands an empty two-story building. Twenty years ago it was the factory school. Now the working age has been raised and the girls can read and write before they enter the factory. Instead of primary schooling they now get mental and moral training, as in the lecture on mutual love, and instruction in sewing and cooking. The classes are organized by the Japan Culture Association (Dai Nippon Shuyo Renmei), a body founded in 1928 by leaders of the textile industry who were alarmed by labor unrest. Its aim, as set forth in the books the girls were using, is 'to improve culture and welfare and assist coöperation.'

All the girls were members of the White Lily Society (Shiro Yuri-kai), a subsidiary of the Culture Association, which tries to lessen the loneliness of girls brought from the freedom of the farms to this discipline. The White Lilies promise to be 'diligent in duty, kind to one another, faithful subjects of the Empire, united in an effort to promote national prosperity.' They have meetings in the dormitory rooms, at which they sing songs, listen to a talk from the leader for the evening, engage in a short silent space of *Zen* (Buddhist) meditation, and close the proceedings by 'worshipping the Emperor'—an act which consists in bowing respectfully in the direction of the Imperial Palace. Each factory has its own song.

The aim of building up discipline and morale is intelligently pursued. In the administrative block is an upstairs room which is used as a meeting-house. At the end is a small family shrine, a foot square, made of white wood from the National Shrine at Ise. Once a week the official and technical staffs assemble here for half-an-hour (of their own, not the company's time). The manager reads passages from a small book called *Mental Power*, based on the Buddhist scriptures. A few sentences are worth translation:—

'He who is the master of his mind is happy even if he has nothing. . . . Rely on your own mind; it is the only thing on which you can ultimately depend. Cultivate your mind and a way will open before you. . . . Enjoy life. The world was created to make us happy. But unless you have peace of mind, wealth will only increase your worry. . . . Do not envy others. It is your mind that afflicts you and your mind can relieve you.'

The manager may enlarge on some

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of these thoughts, or speak for twenty minutes on some question of the day. It can well be believed that there is nothing perfunctory about this service, which, in the Japanese way, fuses personality, religion, patriotism, and the factory into something concerning every individual present.

Another example of the care that is taken to maintain the personal link and personal leadership: as noon sounded I was walking with the manager across the open space separating the living from the working quarters. He excused himself and hurried off to join the office staff, which had assembled in shirt sleeves behind the office building. He threw his coat on the grass and led the staff through a course of physical jerks to the strains of a gramophone. The first ten minutes of the lunch hour are daily devoted to this performance. Thus do the Japanese industrialists study the moral means of success as carefully as its material machinery.

III

The thought of 'living in' is probably made repulsive to English readers by notions of a grimy building in a forbidding quarter. But there are some advantages in being new. This factory is situated in an open district. Its compound seemed to be between 30 and 40 acres in extent. There are tennis courts, a playing field, rhododendrons. Long covered passages lead from one building to another. The atmosphere is clear; there is no smoke. The factory proper, a concrete building with saw-toothed roof, occupies one side of the ground, and is separated from the dormitories, dining rooms, hospital, and office-block by the amenities just described and stretches of rough grass.

The dormitories are connected blocks of two-story wooden buildings. The rooms are large, clean and airy, and are intended to accommodate eight or ten girls. In almost every one a few flowers were to be seen. Magazines and paper-covered books lay about. Small articles of dress were drying in the open. The rooms, Japanese style, were unencumbered by any furniture except one or two low tables. The bedding and clothes were in the cupboards, of which the sliding doors formed the inner walls. The soft matting of the floor was old but in good condition. I have slept on inn floors which were less desirable. The floor of the passage was polished. The large windows were wide open. Everything was clean. There were bath-houses with furnaces for each block.

The hospital was housed in a small separate block. It appeared to be well-kept and was clean and airy. The doctor in charge said his patients numbered sixteen, half of them suffering from colds and the rest from minor ailments and those 'stomach troubles,' due to an excessively starchy diet, which are so common in Japan. Fifteen or sixteen was about the average number of inmates, the doctor said—rather less than one per cent of the resident workers. The hospital comes under the national health insurance law, and the services of three doctors are available.

The factory is run on the two-shift system, the first shift coming on at 5 A.M. and stopping at two, when the second shift takes its place and works till 11 P.M. There is no night work and no overtime. Each shift has a break of half-an-hour for a meal.

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Four rest days a month are compulsory.

An athletic meeting is held twice a year, and once a year a picnic is arranged. The *bon* festival, which, next to New Year, is the chief holiday of rural Japan, is celebrated in country style with folk dances. The men workers have a brass band. Concerts are organized by the workers, and cinema entertainments are occasionally given by the management. The girls can go out by applying to the matron of their dormitory. This privilege, it was said, is not much in demand. The girls' friends from their home districts are with them in the factory, and they are strangers in the sprawling suburbs around. Once a year they can have a week's holiday.

No one could walk through the factory without recognizing that thought and care had been expended in the effort to keep the girls contented and healthy. The girls seemed cheerful. They were well dressed and well nourished, though pale. They were reasonably attentive to the lecturer and sang lustily. In their rooms, all wide open to the sun, they were lying on the mats talking, or reading, or writing home. The library which the management provides is fairly well used; its contents—novels and magazines.

Whether the girls are happy is a question which one human being can hardly answer for another. It would probably be correct to say that they look on two years or so of factory life much as their brothers look on two years in the army—as a not intolerable break in their rural lives between childhood and motherhood. They are taken care of, physically and morally. Their work is light—lighter than they will know again when, as peasant farmers' wives, they toil in the season from dawn till darkness, with, every year, new babies on their backs.

Thoughts on War

The more countries fight, the better for the British Empire. We shall then be able to develop our trade with whatever countries are not fighting.

—Mr. C. G. Grey in the *Aëroplane*, London

One of the most serious defects of our Army today is that our present tanks are not suited to take part in a war against a civilized enemy.

—From the *Evening Standard*, London

In the future the German boy shall learn to shoot as proficiently as to write, for in the next war shooting will be as important as writing.

—Colonel Hölter in the *Militärwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, Berlin

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This extract from the forthcoming book by the author of *Fontamara* has been called the 'highlight' of the novel.

Mobilization Day

By Ignazio Silone

Translated by Eric Mosbacher

From the *Left Review*, London Marxist Monthly

Don Paolo spent the night at Avezzano and continued his journey to Fossa by the first train next morning. His compartment was crowded with young men who had been called up. Two gentlemen wearing Government Party emblems in their buttonholes were talking of the war. The other travelers listened in silence.

'With the new invention at our army's disposal, it will be over in a few weeks,' one of them said. 'The death-ray will pulverize the enemy.'

'The bishop is going to bless the Avezzano conscripts today,' said the other. 'The death-ray will open the way for the Pope's missionaries.'

Sitting among the youthful conscripts was an old peasant with a concertina. His son was asleep, with his head on his father's shoulder. 'Play us a tune,' his neighbors said, but the old man shook his head, for he did not want to miss the conversation of the two gentlemen who were talking about the war and the mysterious death-ray. Both gentlemen had shotguns with them, and full cartridge bags on their belts, and they were going to the Fucino to shoot quails.

'The quails were late this year,' one of them said. 'But they are fatter than last year.'

'There's always a compensation!' the other replied, and laughed. His laughter indicated that he had uttered what was intended to be a witty remark, so his neighbors, a trifle late, started laughing too, in order not to seem stupid.

At every little station the train stopped, and more conscripts got in. Nearly all of them smelled of drink and of the stable. Those for whom there was no room on the seats lay down on the carriage floor. Among them, besides *cafoni* (the poorest class of Southern Italian mountain peasants), there must have been builders, mechanics, artisans, but it was impossible to distinguish between them. Poverty had made them all look alike. They all looked ragged young paupers, with bodies moulded by generations of

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famine, marked and marked again, scarred by inhuman toil, deformed, tattooed by unemployment, alcohol and epidemics. A few took pieces of maize bread from their bags and ate.

The old man with the concertina passed round a bottle of wine. The wine gurgled sonorously down their parched throats. 'Play us something,' his neighbors asked the old man, but again he shook his head.

Don Paolo was curled up in a corner of the compartment. His ancient, battered hat, his old, worn and torn cassock made him look like a poor old priest from a mountain parish, but his burning, feverish eyes were inwardly fixed on something new. He was hungry for imminent hazards, consumed with determination to break the unanimity which fear had created round the dominant stupidity. By many small signs he was able to distinguish the inhabitants of the villages, those of the plain, those who had descended from their shepherd's huts; people whose capacity for suffering was illimitable, people inured to isolation, ignorance and suspicion, to sterile hatred between family and family, to being cheated in isolation, exploited in isolation, insulted in isolation, and discomfited in isolation. And now the Government bureaucracy, on the brink of bankruptcy, was about to resort to the bloody diversion of war. But to do this it had to conscript them, bring them out of their isolation and make them combine. It had to mobilize them and put arms into their hands. One knew how mobilizations of the hungry and poverty-stricken began; how they ended no man could foretell.

Every time Don Paolo thought he recognized someone from Orta, his native place, in the crowd of travelers, he hid his face behind his breviary and lowered his hat over his eyes. His eyes fell upon the words *Venit hora mea.* He looked at his neighbors and smiled. Perhaps, slaves, our hour is approaching, he repeated to himself.

The country the train passed through was no longer his old Marsica, but a new and strange country. It was the Land of Propaganda. Government Party war slogans were everywhere, on the train, on the stations, on the telegraph poles, on walls, pavements, trees, public lavatories, church towers, garden gates, bridge parapets, schools and barracks. Everything belonging to ordinary, humble, everyday life that was able to peep through the rhetorical, artificial landscape that had been superimposed on it looked tamer, more intimidated, more resigned than ever. Fossa was completely unrecognizable beneath its multi-colored decorations, its announcements of meetings, its festoons, flags, slogans lauding war and massacre, scrawled in white-lead, varnish, lime, tar or charcoal on every wall. The Girasole Hotel had become the mobilization center of local good society.

Berenice was in a great state of excitement, but she had time to kiss Don Paolo's hands effusively and wish him welcome.

'What good fortune to have you here on this glorious day!' she said.

There was a continual coming and going of youths and men in the dining-room and on the stairs. A group of men wearing the Government Party emblem were sitting round a table, discussing the arrangements for the spontaneous and enthusiastic demonstration due to take place in the afternoon. They were already hoarse from

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an excess of talking, and it was their business to take rigid precautions to secure the spontaneous and enthusiastic participation of the whole population of Fossa and the surroundings.

'Shall we send lorries to Pietrasecca as well?' one of them asked.

'Of course,' another replied. 'And we must send *carabinieri* with the lorries, so that the population will understand that they have got to come spontaneously.'

At another table a number of sleek, plump and well-fed gentlemen were heatedly discussing the menu for the evening's banquet, under the artistic direction of Zabaglione. Zabaglione was so excited that he did not notice Don Paolo's arrival. A grave difference of opinion had arisen, a difference on a matter of high principle, and the excitable Zabaglione ended by making it a question of personal prestige.

'I swear,' he cried, 'I swear to you on my honor, on my wife's honor and my daughter's innocence, that if white wine is served before red I shall leave the banquet!'

'That is blackmail!' other members of the committee shouted indignantly.

But Zabaglione folded his arms and stuck to his point.

'Principles are principles,' he declared.

The voluntary enlistment committee was in session in Berenice's bedroom on the first floor. Those of its members for whom there was no room on the chairs were sitting or lying full length on the landlady's bed. Her pillows were elegantly embroidered, with the words 'Happy Dreams' in the center of the pattern. Over the head of the bed was a colored print of a guardian angel caressing a dove. The mobilization of the paupers and the hungry at Fossa also involved the mobilization of the insolvent. The directors of the Fossa Bank had asked to be sent to Africa to forestall their trial for fraudulent bankruptcy, and their patriotic example had been widely followed. The haberdasher in the public square opposite the Girasole Hotel had failed and been compelled to put up his shutters, but that morning he had reopened, put his wife behind the counter and a large notice outside the shop, saying 'Creditors are informed that the proprietor of this shop has voluntarily enlisted.' Henceforward no authority would dare decree the sequestration of the goods of a war hero. . . .

II

As the hour for the wireless proclamation of the outbreak of war approached the crowds swarming in the streets gradually became denser. The authorities arrived from the right and the *cafoni* from the left. From the right there arrived motor-cycles, motor-cars, lorries loaded with police, *carabinieri*, militia, officials of the government party and the corporations. From the left there arrived donkeys, carts, bicycles, and lorries full of *cafoni*. Two bands marched and counter-marched through the streets, playing the same anthem over and over again, *ad nauseam*. Most of the bandsmen were workers, dressed up in the uniforms of circus animal tamers or porters at big hotels, with double rows of metal buttons on their chests. Outside a barber's shop was a huge placard, representing Abyssinian women, with long breasts hanging down to their knees; a crowd of boys

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were laughing and staring at it with greedy eyes. *Cafoni*, small landowners, charcoal burners, shepherds continued arriving from the right.

A loudspeaker had been set up at the end of the public square, between the Government Party offices and the town hall, and adorned with flags. From it there would emerge the voice that would proclaim the outbreak of war. As the people arrived they packed themselves round that small magical instrument, on which the country's destiny depended. The women squatted as at church or at market, the men sat on the packs or saddles of their donkeys. Everyone knew the reason for this gathering, and cast furtive glances at the small mechanical object from which the announcement of war would emerge; but, finding themselves all together like this, they felt sad, bewildered and doubtful.

By now the square and the adjacent streets were packed with people; but the influx from the surrounding countryside silently and uninterruptedly went on. The general mobilization of poverty and hunger went on. The lame came from the quarries, the blind from the smelting furnaces, the bent and halting from the fields. The men of the hills came, with their hands red from the sulphur and the lime, and the men of the mountains, with their legs bowed from the labor of mowing. Each man was ready to come because his neighbor was. Should the war bring misfortune, it would be misfortune for all, and therefore only half misfortune. But should it bring fortune, one would have to secure one's share in it. And so they all came, leaving the pressing of the grapes, the cleaning of the vats, the preparation of the seeds, and crowded into the local town. The inhabitants of Pietrasecca came too, and were unloaded and dumped at the side of the Girasole Hotel. The schoolmistress told them all what to do, what to shout and what to sing, but her voice was lost in the general confusion. Sciatàp lost patience.

'Leave us alone!' he shouted. 'We're not children. I've been to America!'

Girls circulated among the nervous and anxious crowds, carrying baskets of tricolor cockades. Don Paolo recognized Zabaglione's three daughters among them. They came towards him and pinned a cockade on his breast. They were excited, perspiring and breathless.

'Oh, Father!' they said. 'What a wonderful day! What an unforgettable day!'

A sudden movement of the crowd, caused by an influx of new arrivals who wanted a view of the loudspeaker, carried the girls out of sight.

Cafoni arrived from the most distant villages. Shepherds with goatskin trousers, sandals on their feet and golden earrings started appearing from the left. From the right there arrived Don Concettino Ragù, in the uniform of an officer of militia.

Don Paolo retired to his room, to avoid the risk of being recognized by his former school-fellow. He hid behind the shutters of his second-floor room, in order to be able to watch the crowd and the rest of the ceremony. A memory of his childhood came to his mind. He had been looking out of the window of his own home, just as he was now, when the street had been suddenly invaded by a long procession of ragged pilgrims, chanting the praises of the Blessed Virgin. The pilgrims

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had come from afar and still had far to go, and the greater part of them were barefooted and covered with sweat and dust; and he remembered the fear and revulsion with which his childish mind had been filled at that sad spectacle.

III

Looked at from the second floor, the assembly round the magic instrument below resembled a gathering of poor, tired and anxious pilgrims round a miraculous idol. From his retreat Don Paolo could see two or three church towers over the house-tops. The bell-towers were packed with boys, like dovecotes packed with pigeons. All at once the bells began to ring. Members of the Government Party made their way through the crowd and placed patriotic fetishes around the magic instrument—tricolors, pendants, flags, and an image of the Great Chief, with jaw protruding in an exaggerated manner. Members of the Government Party emitted barbaric cries of 'Eià! Eià!', cries devoid of all intelligible significance, while the mass remained silent.

Space round the magic instrument was made for the 'mothers of the fallen,' a number of poor old women who had been wearing mourning for fifteen years, and were decorated with medals, and condemned, in return for a small pension, to hold themselves at the disposal of the marshal of the *carabinieri* on all occasions when the dictatorship might need them for propaganda purposes. The parish priests of the neighboring villages, affable old priests, gloomy-looking priests, athletic and impressive-looking priests, and one pink-and-white canon, who looked like a well-nourished wet-nurse, and was chatting with Don Girasole, were placed next to the 'mothers of the fallen.' A number of country landlords, with unkempt beards and shaggy eyebrows, clothed in hunter's velvet, had collected outside the town hall. The clerks, *i.e.* the members of the Government Party, were gathered in the middle of the square. With them was a solitary woman, Donna Evangelina, with her carpenter husband, whom she had forced to enlist voluntarily.

'Not only did she find a father for her natural son,' said Berenice, 'but what a father! A hero!'

'Donna Evangelina was born to be a war-widow,' Don Senofonte observed. 'She won't be happy till she's in mourning and wearing a medal.'

The bells went on chiming, the boys taking turns at pulling the ropes. People in the crowd signaled to them to stop, so as not to interfere with the imminent broadcast, but the boys either did not understand or pretended not to. At least a dozen bells were being rung simultaneously, with might and main, and the streets were filled with their clangor. Militia appeared in the nearest bell-towers and tried to compel the boys to leave the ropes, but as the bells in other towers did not stop the boys resumed their ringing as soon as the militia had gone down again, so as not to be left out of it.

The first hoarse mutterings of the magic apparatus passed unnoticed; but a loud shout arose from the groups of *carabinieri*, militia and members of the Government Party, a rhythmical cry, an impassioned invocation of the Great Chief. 'CHAY DOO! (*i.e.*, the Duce, the Leader, Mussolini) CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! . . .' This chant was slowly

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PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

taken up, first by the women and boys, but gradually it spread until the whole mass of people, even those farthest away and those looking out of the windows, had taken up the melancholy hieratic refrain. 'CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! . . .'

That name that nobody dared privately to pronounce, either in praise or blame, because to name it brought misfortune, they now shouted with all the force of their lungs in this general gathering, in the presence of his feared image, in the presence of the patriotic fetishes, as a piece of propitiatory magic, in a kind of religious frenzy. 'CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! . . .' Those nearest the loudspeaker signaled to the crowd to be silent, so that the speech from Rome might be heard, but the people massed in the adjacent streets went on intoning the magic invocation, calling on the Great Chief, the Witch-doctor, the Thaumaturge, who disposed of their blood and their future.

The shouting of the crowd, with the added confusions of the church bells, made the speech that came over the wireless completely inaudible to Don Paolo. Below, at one corner of the hotel, he saw the women of Pietrasecca prostrate on the ground, and the men gathered round Magascià's cart shouting the propitiatory syllables just ike the rest of the crowd. 'CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! . . .' Meanwhile the cries of those about her rose to a deafening, frenzied, hysterical, delirious clamor. 'CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO!' The whole crowd was shouting now, including those near the wireless, the militia and the *carabinieri* and the other officials, as they were all convinced of the utter impossibility of attempting to understand a word of the speech being broadcast from Rome. The rhythmical cry of 'CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO!' hammered the air with the dirge-like persistency of penitents imploring mercy of a wrathful god. The two syllables ended by losing all ordinary, intelligible significance, and sounded like the incantation of magical formulae, chanted to the accompaniment of the sacred music of the bells.

IV

Don Paolo watched the scene in trepidation from behind his shutters. There came to his mind the fear he had once felt when he had attended a séance, an experiment in collective hypnotism, when he was a boy; the fear he had always experienced, even in later years, whenever he was faced with any manifestation of the primitive and irrational forces that lie dormant in individuals and in the mass. How was one to reason with poor people who had fallen under the spell of a hypnotic wizard?

Those nearest the loudspeaker made signs to show that the broadcast was over.

'War is declared!' Zabaglione shouted, and indicated that he was about to make a speech.

But his raucous voice was drowned by the rhythmical clamor of the crowd, who went on intoning 'CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO! CHAY DOO!' The wireless was

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silent, and no one had heard three words of the whole transmission.

No one had really tried to listen. No one really minded not having heard; for in reality there was no need for anyone to understand what had been said, nor had there been anything to understand. He who had spoken into the microphone had not thought of explaining, of persuading, of trying to convince. In the Land of Propaganda everything is presented as being indisputably self-evident. The poor people in the street were caught in the Land of Propaganda like fishes in a net. There was little to understand. The net was there. For the fish the net was a reality, the only reality that counted. Whether the Propaganda was right or wrong was a problem for idle brains. But for the poor *cafoni*, things were like that, *a priori*, and not otherwise.

For the man looking through the shutters, with a foreign passport in his pocket, the Propaganda might be a fictitious, artificial and abstract reality, relying for its prestige in the poor people's eyes on an irresistible hypnotic force. But the poor people were not up there behind the shutters, but down in the street. Down in the street things looked different. If one man shouted, all the others shouted. If one man raised one arm in the Roman salute, his neighbor raised two arms, to go one better. Everyone within the Propaganda net sought a little security for himself. Everyone sought recommendations, influence, and that was all that mattered. Whatever the Propaganda said was only of secondary importance. It was therefore useless to attempt to refute it; it was useless to try and discuss it.

Don Paolo's arms sank to his sides. What could he do? If it was impossible to talk to these poor people, because talking was a secondary thing, the primary thing being living (no matter whether living well or ill, but living), it would be necessary to act. But how? Where was he to begin? With whom? Don Paolo calculated how long it ought to take Bianchina to go to Rocca, find Murica, talk to him and return to Fossa with a reply. If Murica's reply was satisfactory, he would go to Rocca at once, abandon his priest's clothing on the way and discuss with him what ought to be done. In the meantime Pompeo might have returned from Rome. He would talk to the cowman, and it might be possible to get Alberto to come down from Pietrasecca. Thus all his hopes depended on the young. The masses will be awakened by deeds, he said to himself.

Fiat Justitia

The Bell Tower (of Magdalen) is the finest of its kind in Oxford and possibly anywhere. It is even finer than its facsimile at Chicago University.

—From a descriptive pamphlet issued in connection with the International Publishers' Congress

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An eye-witness account of terrorism on the eve of Spain's present civil war.

A Terrorist *in* SPAIN

From the *New Statesman and Nation*,
London Independent Weekly of the Left

[*The author of the following astonishing document has personally convinced us that it is a genuine account of actual experience. He is a British subject who has spent the last three and a half years in Spain, during most of which he has served the Catholic Monarchists. A short time before the last elections he joined the* Proteccion Cuidadana, *or the Protectionist Committee, a body of some two thousand men, armed with revolvers, rifles and machine-guns, whose job was apparently to protect nuns and other Catholic voters who might be molested at the poll. According to his account this was a necessary function. He speaks of one nun having her robes torn by a mob of women as they went to vote, and gives an account of an occasion in which he mounted guard with a loaded revolver while the nuns voted. One of his group, 'a mere kid,' started a fight which became general. As an armed man he was arrested by the police, but released and his arms returned to him 'when he showed his badge.' After the Popular Front victory the Protectionist Committee was disbanded by the Catholic Monarchists themselves. This he regarded as an act of treachery. He then became an avowed terrorist and gunman. The rest of his narrative follows.*—EDITOR, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.]

THEN came into being, openly, the group which a friend of mine had been building up, 'Las Cruzadas de España,' the Spanish Crusades. I was its second in command. From a peaceful school-teacher by day, I became a terrorist by night.

English people may not understand just what is meant by the 'Popular Front.' It means the coalition of Left Republicans, Radicals, Socialists, Communists and Anarchists. Granted that the Republicans of the Left and Radicals are merely bourgeois gone a bit pink under anti-Catholic and Masonic propaganda, the union of these parties would be quite harmless if it were not for the millions of followers of the other members of the coalition.

If one then realizes that those

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masses are more than 75 per cent illiterate and the rest, fired by intellectuals, embittered by the natural consequences of existing world conditions, one will understand the terrific weapon in the hands of a few clever men determined to destroy all that has ever been the glory of Spain. The masses were getting out of hand. Strikes were being fomented everywhere. Even Azaña, a brilliant politician, if a rather unscrupulous one, could not control them. The Socialist Party was divided in itself. Prieto wanted them to be quiet and work constructively toward better conditions. His plan was good, but the people wanted action. They wanted to tear out the treasure of the rich men and see smoke rising from the churches, sack and pillage. Therefore, most of them turned to the support of Largo Caballero and his General Workers' Union (U.G.T.). He had the political support of about 40 per cent of the workmen and the Communists. The National Workmen's Congress was against all parliamentary or political movements, believing strictly in anarchy. The members of this organization voted Left in the election, but a stronger Fascist program and fewer of the '*Señorito*' (young gentlemen) type would have gained their support.

We, of the Crusades, could do nothing by propaganda. What we could do, however, was show the Reds that, wherever a church was burned, the houses of the local Leftist leaders would suffer a like fate. If a priest were ill-treated, so much the worse for the president of the local Left club, and so on. Sitting here in the quiet of London, in safety, it seems unreal, fantastic to think of some of the things we did.

For instance, in one of the villages near Valencia, the Mayor, aided by his Red council, closed the church. The reason he gave was that the bells disturbed the children's study in the national (lay) school near-by, causing them to think of religion. He had been warned not to do it, that it would be unhealthy. Regardless of the warning, the Monday night following his house went sky-high. My chief and I had passed his door (the Mayor's), leaving a mussy-looking parcel in the doorway. I put it in place and lit the slow fuse from my cigarette under cover of tying up my shoe.

A few days later the Right center in another town was burned. We didn't much care, because the local people, who were in the majority, had made no resistance. It was the principle of the thing that made us send out half a dozen carloads of men armed with truncheons to punish the village. I led this expedition as the Commandant was away burning the house and family of another pest.

A car with gunmen occupied each of the four entrances to the town. The telephone, telegraph and electric light cables were cut five minutes before we went into action. The Guardia Civil had been called away to a hamlet to suppress an imaginary riot. The two work cars pulled up at the door of the Casino. Tommy gunners occupied the street. The truncheon artists burst in, clubbed the stuffings out of all and sundry, emptied the cash box and off we went.

The cash box was necessary. Most of us were poor men. We had no political backing. As a clandestine society we had to get money from somewhere to buy arms and ammunition. Our numbers were large but our

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material hopelessly inadequate. Another thing was the case of any of our men who were hurt or imprisoned. We, the leaders of the movement, went in constant fear of betrayal. Treachery was punishable by death. The sentence was carried out at once. It had to be done, once or twice. I was sorry. The men who betrayed what little they knew did so because they were hungry.

The situation was appalling. Gil Robles and Calvo Sotelo were thundering in the Congress and demanding, at least, guarantees of public safety. Jeers from the back benches. We all knew that a military plot was fomenting but didn't place much faith in it. It would, perforce, be known by too many people and be sure to be betrayed, as it undoubtedly was.

II

For several weeks before the actual outbreak we had taken no action whatsoever. In the first place, the region was more or less tranquil. In the second, we were short of munitions. Gun-running was terribly difficult. Not impossible, but the few cargoes coming in were snapped up by the Socialist and the C.N.T. (National Federation of Labor.) Another thing, we thought that if the military plot came to anything, we would do better to have a perfect organization of auxiliaries ready.

By this time, through jealousy and worse from within, we had been expelled from the Derecha Regional Valenciana. They accused us of being Fascists! We were accepted, *en bloc*, in the Renovacion Española, the Alfonsist Monarchist party.

The first blow came on July 11th. At nine o'clock, or a little after, a so-called Fascist raid was pulled off on the radio station. It is a practical impossibility for it to have been so. For one thing, only four men were engaged. One of them, on being arrested, immediately confessed to being a Fascist and to have helped plan and carry out the job. Though sent to gaol, I, for one, saw him at liberty a few days later. The whole thing was a hoax.

Its repercussions were disastrous. By 10 o'clock the Plaza Emilio Castelar was black with people. (The raiders had given a short apology for Fascism.) Manifestations formed to call upon the Governor (acting), passing, of course, in front of the Right headquarters. Many of us, on hearing the Fascist speech by radio, grabbed our guns and ran to the D.R.V., expecting trouble. The Assault Guards were there in force, no one could enter. As the manifestants passed, the police gave the Red salute. The tail of the procession disappeared and the guard was removed. Only a few of us stayed near, myself going to ring through to my chief for reinforcements and arms a bit more useful than a few pistols.

While I was gone three cars drew up at the doors of the Casino, opened them with keys taken from the *vigilante* (night-watchman) and men poured into the building. In less time than it takes to write about it, the mob of manifestants had returned. They tore through every room and office of the block, destroying, breaking, throwing furniture out of the windows, etc. The archives of the party and the arms and munitions hidden were taken. The place was fired. When the firemen finally ar-

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rived they were not allowed to function. . . .

The crowds then went to one of the Right dailies, the *Voz Valenciana*, and put it out of commission. By this time it was getting late. What was left of the crowd, leaving the political business for another day, sacked the Patronal Club, a rather beautiful place and very well equipped. Bedlam! Hordes of men and women surging in to seize plate and china, or whatever they could grab. Bags of sugar and coffee poured over the floor, to mix with the glass of broken mirrors and services. The wine-cellar was broken open, casks were broached, people drinking from them as horses from a trough. Half-naked harridans quaffing vintage wines and liqueurs from the neck of the bottle. A terrific night. I was shot at several times, but between shooting and running (I know the town better than many of its natives) I got home safely.

The next morning we began to hear things and to investigate as to whether the previous night had been the outcome of spontaneous indignation or organized terrorism. The above-mentioned Fascist arrest became known. We found that the D.R.V. branch in the Harbor district (Grao) had been destroyed in the same manner two hours before the wireless raid. As a climax, the linotype operators of the *Mercantile Valenciano*, the principal Left daily, had received orders to stand by at 5.30 P.M., as the Right Casino was to be burned. One can draw what conclusions one likes.

All the above happened before the Revolution broke out. Don José Calvo Sotelo was murdered in Madrid a few days later. An official murder, carried out by uniformed police under the orders of the C.I.D., using their own badges and authorities.

The following evening we had every available member of our Crusade in the Plaza Castilar. All the Right organizations did the same. The word had gone round of the military rising to come off in Madrid. Nothing was done in Valencia that night, because all the directors of all Rightist parties had been summarily clapped into prison. I had fifty men at one end of the square, and had a little difficulty in keeping them quiet and on the move among the crowd, so as not to attract attention. One youngster wanted to knife every working man he saw who sported the least stitch of red anywhere. Another, a very old and wrinkled peasant, arrived with a short-barrelled, wide-mouthed, flint-lock blunderbuss under his blouse! He did so want to fire it!

III

The C.N.T. and the U.G.T. had come to an agreement and, in accordance with the Government's request to the workers, were arming. The news of the revolt in Morocco came as a shock to us. It should have begun in Madrid. Treachery! Someone had probably sent a false telegram. We'll see when the smoke blows away. In any case, the element of surprise was lost. Martinez Monge, Commander-in-Chief of Valencia, a Mason, shilly-shallied till the Popular Front was in possession of the town.

On Saturday the 18th was committed the first act of barbarism, the burning of the Church of Saint John. We sent our men to their homes, keeping in action only those for whom we had arms and upon whom we could rely. I need not describe the horror of

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the burning of churches, the shooting of monks and priests, the maltreatment of nuns. We put into action a private murder scheme.

Curfew was ten o'clock, after which it was forbidden to move in groups of more than three. Up to that hour we worked on foot, moving in three or four seemingly independent parties of three until we met a small Red patrol in the shadows of some dark square. Then quick and silent knife work, taking their arms and running for it, to meet again five minutes later and repeat the process. Many of the Red Guard in Valencia were from the surrounding district, the Milicianos from Valencia having been sent to Madrid. Thus we were often able to escape from any pursuers by knowing the lay of the land. It was ghastly work. The usual procedure being that the first group, once past our victims, threw sacks over their heads, while the next group knifed them, usually in some place where it hurts and, though necessarily mortal, death tarries.

The Fascists invented the 'Phantom Car' stunt. We helped them work it. We had several autos at our disposal. All cars circulating were Red. No others could run. Therefore we knew that, when we went out with our C.N.T.-U.G.T. painted car, we were the only pirates loose. The driver of our lot was a Fascist-Communist. That is to say, a double-cross had been pulled on the Reds. He had a perfectly good safe conduct to drive any car. The idea was good. We saw a patrol car coming down one of the long straight streets in the new town. As we approached it, one of us, usually myself, would lean out of the window, and, at the critical moment, throw a dynamite cartridge. The patrol car would go sky-high. Sometimes we'd be shaken by the explosion, but the consequent confusion was always enough to let us escape.

Another little trick was the use of a 'tommy gun' on a car approaching. When the other bus came within a hundred meters of us we opened fire. She usually climbed a tree and burst into flames. In any event, the effect was the same, whichever trick we used. The impression of terror at large in Valencia was enough to detain the sending of volunteers to the various fronts. When some car, for one reason or another, got away, we sneaked off home and changed cars. In one night, the last we operated in this way, we destroyed six patrol cars from ten to twelve midnight.

When we could, we caught militiamen alone, shooting them with their own guns, leaving them at the foot of the wall, with a large cross or swastika chalked on their backs. One of the oldest tactics in guerilla warfare is not to let your enemy sleep. That was the most difficult for us, as we couldn't sleep either. A sudden fusillade at one end of the town would bring all the patrols in the neighborhood. Perhaps we'd only get two or three people, but the whole area would be on the *qui vive* for hours. In the meantime, we would be doing the same thing somewhere else.

Still, it was useless. Our ammunition gave out. Many of us had been killed or were missing. The Reds were searching houses. I, fortunately, had moved, just before the riot started, to a quarter where I was not known. (My wife nearly died of fright at every knock on the door.) I was too sick and tired to care. We knew that all foreigners were leaving. I decided to go, too. . . .

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Persons and Personages

The Late H. G. Wells

By H. G. Wells

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

[*Mr. Wells is, of course, very much alive. But here is what he would wish to have said of him when the time comes for his obituary to be written.*—Editor, The Listener.]

THE name of Mr. H. G. Wells, who died yesterday afternoon of heart failure in the Paddington Infirmary at the age of 97, will have few associations for the younger generation. But those listeners whose adult memories stretch back to the opening decades of the present century and who shared the miscellaneous reading of the period, may recall a number of titles of books he wrote and may even find in some odd attic an actual volume or so of his works. He was indeed one of the most prolific of the 'literary hacks' of that time; he not only wrote books himself, but critical studies and even short volumes were written about him, and the number of entries under his name in the catalogue of that mighty literary mausoleum, the Reading Room (long since deserted by any readers) of the British Museum in London, amount to nearly six hundred.

An interesting study of Wells was broadcast five years ago from the London center by Miss Phelps Lemon, and little has arisen since to modify her verdict. She describes him as something between a portent and a pioneer. He wrote a very frank and explicit autobiography which was published in 1934 and he added a supplement which, though it has never been printed, is accessible to the curious in the manuscript collection in the British Museum. From these documents we learn that his origins were common, and socially if not chronologically he reached back to the eighteenth century and the ascendancy of the British 'landed gentry.'

He was born in 1866. His father was a gardener who became a small shopkeeper and professional cricketer, and his mother was the daughter of an old world innkeeper, and before her marriage a 'lady's maid' and subsequently a 'housekeeper.' The most interesting thing about Wells was his refusal to accept the social inferiority to which he seemed to have been born and the tenacity with which he insisted upon his rôle as the free citizen of a new world that was arising out of the debacle of

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the warring national states of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. He had a flair for 'what is coming.' He was a liberal democrat in the sense that he claimed an unlimited right to think, criticize, discuss and suggest, and he was a Socialist in his antagonism to personal, racial or national monopolization.

It was his vanity to compare himself to Roger Bacon, and his attempts to anticipate the comprehensive synthesis of our present *World Encyclopaedia*, in his now forgotten *Outline of History*, his *Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*, his contributions to the *Science of Life* and his *Anatomy of Frustration*, are still remarkable, having regard to this period, for the boldness of their aim, even if the necessary impatience, limitations and ineptitudes of his treatment disqualify them now as serious contributions to general education.

WELLS was a copious and repetitive essayist upon public affairs and a still more copious writer of fiction. He wrote scientific romances, whose original freshness has long since been destroyed by the general advance of knowledge, and novels which have neither the circumstantial correctitude which give his contemporaries, Galsworthy and Bennett, their documentary value, nor that ruthless frankness which endow such work as Maugham's *Ashenden* and so much of the younger American school of that time with a sort of bleeding immortality. Wells was essentially an intellectual with an instinctive dislike for the vehemencies, the zeals, patriotisms and partisanships, intensities and emotional floods of life. When he dealt with passion he was apt to write insincerely. His keenest feeling seems to have been a cold anger at intellectual and moral pretentiousness. The question whether he was to be considered a 'humorist' was discussed but never settled and it need not trouble us now. He played a not very successful part in the early attempts to make the films mean something. The organization, he says, was too much for him. It expelled whatever of his ideas had survived the director automatically in the cutting room. Perhaps the organization knew its own appeal better than he did.

He was seriously injured in a brawl with some Fascist roughs brought about by a rare fit of indignation on his part in 1938, and his health was further impaired by a spell in a concentration camp under the brief Communist dictatorship of 1942. Thereafter his once considerable vitality seems to have deserted him. He had no recorded share in the vigorous mental and social renaissance we have witnessed in the past decade, in spite of the fact that it followed so closely upon lines he had foreshadowed. From being a premature, he became a forgotten man. His immediate needs were relieved by a small civil list pension in 1955. He occupied an old tumble-down house upon the border of Regent's Park

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and his bent, shabby, slovenly and latterly somewhat obese figure was frequently to be seen in the adjacent gardens, sitting and looking idly at the boats on the lake or the flowers in the beds, or hobbling painfully about with the aid of a stick, coughing or talking to himself. 'Someday,' he would be heard to say, 'I shall write a book, a *real* book.'

Miss Phelps Lemon has compared him not inaptly to a reef-building coral polyp. He was much more the scientific man than the artist, though he dealt in literary forms. Scarcely anything remains of him now and yet, without him and his like, the reef of common ideas on which our civilization stands today could never have arisen.

General Franco's War

By T. Marriott Castle

From the *Saturday Review*, London Independent Tory Weekly

THE brakes of our car went on hard when we were still some distance inside the Tangier side of the frontier between the International (Tangier) and Spanish zones. The chain barrier itself across the road was some thirteen kilometres from our starting point. Two *regulares*, or Spanish native troops, stood in the middle of the road looking very determined. So I and the friend who was driving me to Tetuan thought it better to get out and submit to be searched for concealed arms—of which we had none. We were then asked in Spanish if we had any newspaper hidden in the car. We said no. But, in case our memories might have been at fault, the car was searched pretty thoroughly, though without result.

Having satisfied the Moors, we then drove on to the post to placate the Spaniards. There we were informed that the frontier was closed to all traffic, both ways, inexorably. The road, however, was still open back to Tangier—for us. I explained to the lieutenant in charge of the frontier guard that I was going to Tetuan to interview General Franco, that I should be the first British journalist to be received by His Excellency; and that I was sure that neither the lieutenant nor I would like such an important event to misfire. Therefore, I suggested, wouldn't the lieutenant very kindly ring up G.H.Q. at Tetuan and ask what time it would be convenient for the General to see me.

Within a few minutes the answer came back: 'Between 8 and 8.30 that evening.' Whereupon the lieutenant made out the necessary military passes for coming and going. He handed these to a young Fascist militiaman who was to accompany us, and wished us a good trip.

Our escort was a most enthusiastic Blueshirt of some twenty sum-

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mers, and had been in action in October, 1934, in the Asturias, when the Oviedo miners were guilty of peculiarly horrible atrocities.

We found him very useful indeed in getting us swiftly past the various pickets stationed along the corkscrew road that wound ever upward amidst beautiful mountain scenery, and then over the pass and down to Tetuan, which we reached soon after 7 P.M.

It was not until 9.45 P.M., however, that I was ushered into the General's presence. The interview took place in a large room that had evidently been the former High Commissioner's drawing-room, beautifully furnished in the old-world Spanish style.

GENERAL FRANCO was dressed in a khaki tunic and slacks with a scarlet sash around his slender waist. In stature, the General is a small man, somewhat inclined to plumpness in his face but not in his body.

He bears a striking resemblance to the pictures of the first Napoleon as a young man, in the days of his Italian campaigns when he had still his way to make. General Franco himself is in the early forties, but looks much younger. He is very straightforward, direct and frank. I fully realized before I had chatted with him for a few minutes why he is *the* man of the moment in Spanish affairs, and why he is so greatly beloved by the army both in Spain and Morocco; and particularly by the 'Tercio,' once the Foreign Legion, and now the Legion, being practically entirely manned by Spaniards, which is his own creation so far as modern efficiency and discipline are concerned.

The present military movement was, he stated, a crusade to restore Spain to her rightful and hereditary place among the great nations of Europe. He spoke at length of the very real menace that Bolshevism is to the civilization of Europe, especially western Europe. He quoted the stay-in strikes in France and Belgium as ample proof of the growing influence of the Soviet; while Spain herself, since the advent to power of the extreme Left party, had become a prey to ever-increasing Red terrorism that was worse than it had ever been in Russia. People were being burned alive; churches were being sacked and destroyed and priests and nuns were being foully murdered. Finally, the Communist Government had distributed arms to the undisciplined and utterly irresponsible mob. A victory for the Communists would slay all remaining semblance of law and order, and leave nothing behind it but mob rule in all its horrors.

I asked the General whether the fall of Madrid would end hostilities. He replied that officially it would do so; although there would remain certain centers, such as Barcelona, Valencia and Malaga, hotbeds of Communism, that would need clearing up.

He was, he continued, quite confident of success, because the bulk of

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the nation, who truly had the welfare of Spain at heart, was on his side. They were tired of the degradation into which a one time great nation like Spain had fallen. Even many of the working classes, he declared, would welcome him.

Concerning the action of the Fleet, General Franco spoke with some bitterness. The officers had been with him to a man. But the crews, Communistic in the extreme, had mutinied, murdered many of their officers and thrown their bodies overboard. In addition they had refused to carry out the order of the Admiral at Cadiz, and had, in fact, become common pirates.

The General could not understand why other nations did not consider them as such; especially when sheltering in and making raids from the international harbor of Tangier they were breaking the whole principle of international law.

Fortunately, the majority of the Air Force was on his side. Bit by bit he hoped to put the mutinous fleet out of action, leaving the seas free for the passage from Africa to Spain, of the Tercio and the Regulares. Once these picked troops were in the Peninsula, the opposition would crumple up as sapless autumn leaves.

I then asked him what form of Government he intended to set up.

'One,' he replied, 'that will restore law and order and unity to the country.'

He politely declined to make a more detailed answer.

Soon after this, as it was approaching 10 o'clock, at which hour he was to broadcast to his followers, I thanked him for his great courtesy in having received me, and withdrew from the presence of one who will, I am convinced, be classed before long amongst the greatest names of the century.

Frère Jacques

By Max Werner

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

COUNTER OFFENSIVE! De La Roque is attempting to build up a political party to replace his dissolved Croix de Feu. Street riots in Paris and Marseilles! When the Chamber was on the point of refusing to seat him, Chiappe delivered a provocative speech. And then there is Doriot.

Jacques Doriot, renegade Communist and Mayor of Saint-Denis, has founded a Fascist party, the 'French People's Party.' The Rightist press applauds; the monarchist *Candide* is enthusiastic; the Fascist

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Choc of Colonel Guillaume (who, on the day when Léon Blum was assaulted, prophesied the assassination of the Socialist leader) declares Doriot to be the coming man. At the party's founding Doriot delivered a four-hour speech against Marxism and the class struggle and in favor of a 'national community.'

In defeat, French Fascism, until now super-reactionary, bourgeois, and feudal-aristocratic, needs a popular note. Doriot is a former metal worker, a former Communist Party leader. Is that enough? Will he be able to give new impetus to French Fascism? He is a parliamentarian, tending more toward intrigue than toward brutal struggle for the masses and for power. His closest political friends are Bertrand de Jouvenel, a young snob, the industrious son of a famous father; Paul Marion, a young 'Jack-of-all-parties,' who has already been a Communist, a Socialist, a Neo-Socialist; Pierre Dominique, a talented journalist and novelist, formerly a monarchist, at present foreign editor of the Radical *République;* and, finally, Émile Roche, an intriguer, and an influential Radical. A rather motley company, no real Fascist leadership, neither great demagogues nor mercenaries. There are no French Balbos and Görings in Doriot's *entourage*. The founding of his party has a different meaning.

Doriot has found his way to Fascism through foreign policy, through a campaign of incitement against the Soviet Union. He favors an alliance between Germany and Italy, and opposes the Franco-Soviet Pact; he is, as it were, a mild Fascist, with whom foreign policy comes first.

Laval, the political godfather of this renegade, ordered the Paris police not to interfere with Doriot's fight against the Communists. Laval is Mayor of Aubervilliers, the neighboring community to Saint-Denis, where Doriot reigns. Foulon, Laval's deputy in the City Hall, is liaison officer between the two. In the districts immediately north of Paris a clique of Rightist-bourgeois politicians close to Laval has usurped the municipal offices. Grisoni, Mayor of Courbevoie, a former Radical, is Laval's personal friend; former Senator Billier, who is in charge of the notorious Finance Committee for the Rightist Election Campaign, holds office in Asnières. Undoubtedly Doriot leans upon this group, with which he has been coöperating for several months. His intimate friendship with Laval decides Doriot's course in foreign policy. And Laval is still the white hope of Berlin, which is eagerly awaiting his return to active politics. It is Doriot's task to unite the pro-German and anti-Russian tendencies. His success would be a boon to the Third Reich's foreign policy. Encroaching on French domestic politics in order to put pressure on France's foreign policy lies within the sphere of Nazi foreign propaganda and agrees with its methods.

If one observes them from this angle, Doriot's new associates do not

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look as harmless as they seem at first sight. Bertrand de Jouvenel is the French journalist who accepted Hitler's famous interview for the *Paris-Midi* before the ratification of the Franco-Soviet Pact; he has connections with pro-German groups in the former Young Radicals, among whom the best-known is Jean Luchaire, editor of the pro-Hitler *Notre Temps*. Paul Marion is editor of the *Quotidien*, a paper owned by Jean Hennessy, the cognac distiller, which is conducting a bitter fight against the Franco-Soviet Pact. Hennessy has vague plans about domestic politics; he is the founder of the National-Social Party—which exists on paper only; his millions will most certainly be used to aid Doriot. Bertrand de Jouvenel and Paul Marion have in recent years been regarded as representatives of thoughtful, intellectual youth, developing social and national ideas. Both were Neo-Socialist candidates in the last Chamber Elections; Marion in Paris, de Jouvenel in Bordeaux. Now they have landed in the camp of an adventurer and of grafting representatives of big business. As a result of Doriot's enterprise, Hitler's French policy has become potentially powerful enough to form a party.

AS FAR as French domestic policy is concerned, Doriot will rely on his connections with Pierre Dominique and Émile Roche, who at the moment are leading an anti-Communist campaign in the *République*. They plan to alienate the Radicals, especially their Moderate wing, from the Communists, and at the same time to blast the Communists out of the Popular Front. That would be an immense gain for many circles, both in domestic and in foreign policy; for the Communists are, next to Herriot, the most decisively opposed to the Third Reich.

Just now the anti-Communist campaign is undoubtedly based, in part, on considerations of foreign policy. Roche and Dominique want to win over the Right wing of the Radicals for a bourgeois concentration. Roche is a personal friend of Caillaux, the still influential chairman of the Senate Finance Commission. Any crystallized opposition to the Popular Front among the Radicals would certainly take its start from the older senators, probably on questions of finance. Hence the speculations over Caillaux, who was, for a few days, Minister of Finance in last year's short-lived Bouisson Cabinet; at that time Émile Roche was his First Secretary.

In a Paris restaurant a meeting recently took place between Doriot, Foulon, Pierre Dominique, Émile Roche and a representative of the big insurance companies. There was also present a 'gentleman with several saber scars and a decided Pomeranian accent,' who was keenly interested in French politics. They discussed a schism in the Radical Party, and called for the support of the bourgeois groups, up till now devoted to

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de La Roque. The gentleman with the scars is believed to have told Doriot and Roche that they could count on him. Setting, purpose, and backer are obvious: the Third Reich needs a faithful ally.

A Portrait of La Pasionaria

By Élie Faure

Translated from *Regards*, Paris Popular Front Weekly

['*La Pasionaria*' *is a Spanish Communist deputy whose colorful personality and emotional oratory have endeared her to the hearts of the loyalist workers and militia, and whose resemblance to the* '*knitting women*' *of the French Revolution has assured her of a wide popularity also in France. In the following piece the eminent French art historian Élie Faure demonstrates to what lengths that popularity can be carried.* The Editors.]

IT IS time to speak of her again. Yesterday, she belonged to legend. Elected a deputy from Oviedo, the center of the Asturian massacres, where she fought in the ranks of the people, today she enters into history.

Her name is Dolores Ibarruri, but in Spain—by one of those surprising flashes of popular instinct that sometimes bestow upon writers, artists, public men, and nearly always upon bullfighters and dancers, the nickname that accents most pointedly the quality of their genius—she is called 'Pasionaria.' Not long since she traveled through a Spain that had fallen once more under the yoke of priests and bankers, and, as she went, she stirred up the crowds so that they threw themselves upon her, crying, or knelt in her path; and she bore the people in her heart, carried them to the height of their strength in battle. Only a few days since a sudden gust of fear flung her into prison; only yesterday she protected her jailers against the wrath of the martyrs. Today she is with the armed populace in the battle-line.

One must have seen her standing face to face with an elated throng, this tall black-garbed woman with her pale ascetic features, and her eyes, luminous under their heavy lids, shedding so mild a light, and her movements, filled with a strength subdued by modesty, sanctified by graciousness. One must have heard her heartbroken voice, punctuating the dance of her hands before her immobile body, one hand clutching a handkerchief as though she were holding herself, while the thought leapt from her burning words. Now and then, mechanically, the handkerchief wipes the trembling mouth and the fine eyes, and the sad folk who hear her weep.

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The workers know that she is a worker who respects flesh and blood, that she treasures the tears of the poor. They understand. Compared with her the metaphysicians are laughing-stocks. The workers understand that the 'spiritual' is simply the spontaneous emanation of all being, particularly in the case of these people, who are primitive to their roots, which are plunged in their iron-filled soil, and who yet attain the highest peaks of the spirit. She speaks only her own language, but her words beat like blows upon the chests of those who follow her thought, even though they cannot grasp a word of what she says.

I have never seen nor heard anything like it, never felt, between orator and hearers, such a communication of strength coursing invisibly on the current of nerve-waves, never felt before this moment the certainty with which truth can illuminate every mind. I never heard till now, anywhere, such soft inflexions in accents so rugged, nor so torrential a delivery, perhaps a trifle wrong-headed, but hurled by gushes from the heart, with never an abstraction, never a wavering, never a gap. Simple facts and simple people are seized and worked upon with a passion that transforms them into superhuman shapes.

SHE is a peasant, a poor miner's widow. But what a born aristocrat! Not a gesture mars the rhythm of her thought; her very imprecations seem to be surrounded by a space where tenderness moves like nourishing air and fertilizing light; no word of hatred seems to be inspired by anything save love. One feels that she is lifted up above those she bears in her heart by the united hearts of those who hear her. How has she come by her manner, the manner of a great lady, if not because of her maternal heart, where pity and anger beat together? There is nothing to be taught or learned on this spiritual plane. Such a heart is a spring that overflows, finding its ever-widening estuary in the unanimity of despair and desire where man quenches his thirst. One who could remain undefeated by her when she speaks of the defeated would not be worthy of gaining a victory anywhere, over himself or anyone else.

She is of the noblest and rarest lineage, a woman of the people who appears on the ravaged field to save the world, the spiritual world and the world of every day. She is a Joan of Arc who has reached the stature of a woman and a mother and is bound by even more ties to universal suffering. For her 'voices' do not speak to her from on high, but from the earth, from the furrows where the poor man toils. There is no longer any need of a supernatural illusion to stamp our actions with the mark of grandeur.

Here, one must repeat, is a legendary character. Had she been a journalist, a comedian, or a novelist, when she came here last year to implore the help of free men for unhappy Spain, all the newspapers, even

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those whose mission is to obscure the truth from the people, would have been interested in her, would have given her interviews, printed anecdotes of her and portraits of her full face and profile. But barely a dozen of us heard of her visit to France, because she was not a creature who came within the categories of our knowledge, the framework of our habit, but a being living in the universal and real, not in mere detail and surface, a mythical heroine, wrestling with a world of fact and force, a world to love, to understand, to fight, to overcome. What can be done to keep a legendary creature legendary after she becomes a historical fact? She must hold within herself the virtues that made her legendary, must lack the ambition to become a celebrity although hers is the unique glory of being celebrated; she must guard herself against success with the same courage she has shown under the fire of mercenaries and the policeman's club.

We need have no doubts about her. Her popularity is of so pure a dye, won in hours so tragic, that we need not fear her ability to dominate success from the same heights on which she dominated danger and distress. She is too much woman, too much Spain, to cease to triumph. She belongs to this strange race from which a flame, narrow and ardent, has never failed to rise, a flame that leaps from the lance of Don Quixote, no matter how thick the veil of dust that covers the desolate solitude, no matter what delusions go with its heroes' dreams, nor what mirages dance before the eyes of its mystics.

Let us make no mistake about it; whether we speak of Goya or of Saint Theresa, the flame is identical. It has often been captured by Catholicism, but it glows beyond it and will survive it. It is the special miracle of our Spain, unknown beyond her frontiers. It is the very flame that burnt with the walls of Saragossa when Napoleon's hosts crushed its defenses. It is the flame which, at this very moment when I write, throws its waves of frenzied defenders against these walls, so often lost and retaken, so often destroyed and rebuilt—waves of workmen, of peasants, children, women, who demand of the Republic the privilege of dying so that She may live. The flame which passes through the dancer's nervous body, from her tapping heels to her convulsed fingers, where it fuses, crackling. The flame (you must be brave to grant the truth of it) that plunges with the sword, directed by will and understanding, right into the monster's furious heart. This flame has cast the Infanta's dress, woven with dew and flowers, over the sinister deserts of Castile.

Pasionaria, heroine, warrior, is moreover a saint of the new order. She symbolizes the hope the triumph of the Spanish Revolution over four centuries of horrors will mean to the Occident.

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Pretending to be mad, a French woman journalist gets an appointment with Freud, and successfully hoodwinks him.

Appointment *in* Vienna

By Odette Pannetier

Translated from *Candide*,
Paris Conservative Weekly

I SHALL be frank. When I fly 1,214 kilometers in a straight line to get to Vienna, it is not merely to be able to say that the Viennese women have thick-set figures, or that the *Heurigen* are full of mosquitoes and serve suspicious looking *petits vins:* it is to see Freud.

As a matter of fact, I had wanted to meet the illustrious sage for a long time. It seemed an impossible thing; Freud had given categorical orders: he did not want to receive any journalists, any patients, any visitors. Under these circumstances, to see him, to speak to him, became especially tempting. It was no longer a mere interview, it was sport. And what sport! To meet at last the 'founder' of psychoanalysis, of introversion, of the explanation of insanity through dreams! To find out at last why it is that when one dreams of dead eider-ducks it means that one has a libidinous desire for one's maternal grandmother—what joy! what intoxication!

Here, alas, I must make a confession. I ask your pardon, dear Doctor Logre, dear great psychiatrist! The lady whom you interviewed in your Paris office two weeks ago was *not* called Madame Dubois. She was *not* the victim of an *idée fixe*. She had never dreamed of committing suicide, and not for anything in the world would she have broken one of your knick-knacks. You have cured the only illness from which she was suffering, and that was a desire for the precious letter you gave her urging the illustrious Professor Freud to make an exception in the case of poor Madame Dubois and see her. Soon thereafter you could have seen from your window that same Madame Dubois, in the middle of the Avénue Montaigne, breaking into an Indian war dance which, at any other time, would have landed her in the prison hospital in ten minutes. Luckily at that moment the police were busy lynching French citizens near the Étoile. For that reason Madame Dubois could board her airplane for Vienna unhindered.

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In Vienna a dear friend of mine telephoned to Freud's daughter, who helps her father in his work. The results were disappointing. The Professor stubbornly refused to receive any visitors.

'What shall I do with Madame Dubois?' the dear friend moaned. 'She is terribly overwrought. She will break everything in my house if she doesn't see Professor Freud.'

'I have nothing more to say to you. Get in touch with Doctor Paul Ferden, who is my father's virtual successor.'

The 'virtual successor' confirmed Miss Freud's words by phone. 'By the way,' he added, 'has Madame Dubois got any money?'

'Has she money!' exclaimed my friend in a flash of inspiration. 'She is disgustingly rich!'

'Well then, send her to see me tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock. At a pinch I could even see her this evening; but I usually see the lunatics in the morning.'

The 'virtual successor' lived in a market section of Vienna, in an apartment where the shutters were all closed and an enormous bunch of lilies emitted a warm, heavy perfume conducive to headaches and nervous attacks. The 'virtual successor' had a jovial manner, a patriarchal beard combed hair by hair, and a rabbinical nose such as one sees only in anti-Semitic caricatures. Just in case, I had adopted a frightened air, an awkward manner and a fixed stare. An interne friend had gladly furnished me with a wealth of details about my own particular kind of madness: fear of dogs, and, if necessary, other characteristic phobias.

'I want to see Freud,' I said dully. 'I want to see Freud because he is the only one who can stop the dogs from biting me.'

'Really, Madame Dubois?' asked Doctor Ferden, who speaks French like a member of the Académie Française.

'Yes, I don't know why, but all the dogs bite me. They have bitten me—oh, I don't know—more than two hundred times.'

'Just imagine! Are you sure, Madame Dubois, that you really have been bitten over two hundred times?'

'Well, look for yourself. This is where I was bitten only the day before yesterday.'

The black-and-blue mark received from an involuntary contact between my knee and a table leg was obviously not of canine origin. Nevertheless the Doctor preserved his impassive air, his assumed naïveté.

'I can well understand that under these conditions you are afraid of dogs. But there aren't any here, you see. And besides, in Vienna all the dogs are muzzled. You have no reason to be afraid.'

'Muzzled!' I cried bitterly. 'I know just what they do. They take their muzzles off and then they rush at me. They grab me with their paws and then they bite me.'

I abandoned my crushed air and became suddenly violent. 'But I am not crazy, you know; I am not crazy! I want to see Freud because he is the only man who can cure me; but I am not crazy!'

'Nobody says you are,' said the doctor, becoming somewhat anxious. 'Now when you say "I want to see Freud," you are being reasonable; but when you say "He is the only one who can cure me," you are *not* being

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reasonable, because, although he is a great scientist, there are others.'

He twisted on his chair, smiled, and seemed about to chuck me under the chin in an effort to pacify me and persuade me to let him cure me.

I jerked my head and looked straight in front of me as if it were too tiring to look anywhere else. I was as single purposed as the warrior of Marathon.

'And of what else are you afraid?' asked the virtual successor.

'I am afraid of dying. One day I was out walking in my bathrobe when I looked into a mirror and saw a death's-head! I have a horror of food, particularly meat. Pah! How disgusting! It's dirty; it's unwholesome. But then everything is dirty, everything! One must keep on washing oneself, and that is so tiring.'

'Aha!' said the doctor, jubilantly. 'So you wash often?'

'About a hundred times a day. The trouble is that the minute one is through, one must begin all over again, because one is always dirty: it's so tiring.'

I was on the point of repeating 'I want to see Freud' when this good, this excellent, this adorable Doctor Ferden interrupted me.

'I think that you might interest Professor Freud very much. Only there are conditions which perhaps will seem too . . . how would you say it in French? excessive, extravagant, perhaps? I can take you to see Doctor Freud tomorrow, but he charges three hundred schillings for a consultation, which is nine hundred francs, isn't it? As for me, you owe me fifty schillings for today and fifty schillings for tomorrow.'

He picked up the telephone in my presence. I know very little German, but enough to understand that the conversation was about me and the dogs. Let me be fair and admit that there was no talk of money. The result of the telephone call was magnificent, unhoped-for, miraculous. The next morning, at ten o'clock, we were to be received by Doctor Freud.

It was agreed that the next day I should call for Doctor Ferden at his house at half-past-nine. Why was he not surprised that a poor mad woman like me should come to Vienna all by herself, or that she should not be accompanied by some hired guardian angel? He just did not think of these things, which was all the better for me and all the worse for the real lunatics in his care.

II

Well, there were the two of us in a taxi driving far out of Vienna to the suburb where Freud lives. The weather was beautiful. Life itself would have been beautiful had I not been obliged to stay mad. Every time I caught sight of some wretched mongrel taking his morning promenade looking important with his ridiculous steel muzzle, I had to bound upon Doctor Ferden, clutch his arm, pinch it, and howl. All this with the awful fear that I might have a lapse and in an absent-minded moment look some pooch in the face with complete composure—which would immediately have demolished my superb edifice of lies and dissimulation.

'In short,' Doctor Ferden recapitulated conscientiously, 'the dogs bite you; you have a horror of eating because it is dirty; you are afraid to die; and—have you any other fear? Of horses, for example?'

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I very much wanted to answer: 'Don't you think those are enough?' But perhaps that would not have been very clever.

At last we arrived at our destination, a beautiful house, freshly painted, with chestnut-colored shutters gleaming in the sunshine. This was where Freud lived, and this vast garden, all full of sunlight, trees and birds—it was here, walking up and down these paths, that Freud used to meditate on psychoanalysis. On tables and alongside gravel walks there was a profusion of luxurious potted plants, cacti and dwarf aloes.

'The Professor has two dogs who are always with him,' remarked Doctor Ferden. 'But don't be afraid; they are locked up.'

My display of terror was only half assumed, because I really was in a funk. That I had deceived Doctor Logre and Doctor Ferden seemed amazing but possible. But Freud! I foresaw myself being unmasked by him, driven forth covered with blushes —and no longer afraid of dogs. We mounted some stairs, passed through a porch full of wicker couches with pretentiously hideous cushions; we entered an office; and in the office was Freud.

He is eighty years old, but looks only sixty. He has beautiful white hair, well combed and well brushed, a short beard, and spectacles behind which his eyes have retreated so far under the arch of his eyebrows that you feel they are looking at you hard without your being able to see what color they are.

He stood up, slender and elegant. He was wearing a natty gray suit like a gigolo's, but it did not seem ridiculous because there was still so much youth in his way of walking and moving about. His hands also were strangely young, a little red and heavy, but without wrinkles, without those spots which usually cover the hands of old men. Under his chin, on the left side, a great lump moved and oscillated ceaselessly. He had had a grave infection of the larynx, and was operated on and saved by a miracle. This painful experience had left him with an impediment in his speech reminiscent of paralytics or of deaf-mutes.

He gave me his hand in the German manner, the elbow held at a right angle, the hand turned in. His look weighed upon me and seemed so pointed and powerful that I felt as though I were melting and dissolving. 'Let the Last Judgment come,' I thought. 'I know just how it will feel.' Regardless of me and of my heart, which was galloping madly, Doctor Ferden indulged in bows, scrapings and flowery smiles as he presented me as the Madame Dubois of whom he had spoken to the Herr Professor over the telephone. He handed him some loose papers upon which he had jotted down some notes about me. Freud ran through them with an attentive eye.

Suddenly he turned around. He was seated directly opposite me, at a small, modest desk whose green felt must have nourished generations of moths. Freud put his elbows on it, perhaps to make himself more comfortable, perhaps to reprove the moths. He seemed plunged in meditation, which neither his virtual successor nor I dared interrupt. The pounding of my heart filled the whole room. Suddenly, with the decisiveness of a railway semaphore, Freud straightened out his arm and

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pointed it at me. I thought: 'This is the end of my lies and pretences. I am unmasked without having stammered out one little fib!'

But no; Freud, the great, illustrious Freud did not for one moment psychoanalyze the false introversion and the real anxiety in my lost look. He emitted a sort of cackle, rather hard and sardonic, and lined with gold. He looked like an old cannibal fresh from the hands of an American dentist.

'Madame Dubois, do you speak German? No? Well, then, how do you expect me to practise psychoanalysis? Doubtless you speak only French. I knew that too, but a long time ago. I am old. I shall soon be eighty-one years old. I have forgotten everything!'

'I speak English too,' I offered timidly. 'Not well, of course, but rather I think to . . .' Freud cackled again, pivoted, and faced Doctor Ferden.

'What is she saying? I understand she is speaking English, but if she does not speak louder, there is not the slightest use beginning any treatment. I am a little bit deaf—it is my age. I cannot understand a word. Ask her if she can't raise her voice.'

I could do that, of course. There is not a telephone operator who does not call me 'Monsieur' when I telephone without giving my name. But to raise my voice, to speak a strange language almost fluently—is this compatible with a fear of dogs, with aversion to meat and other nourishment? It is easy to assume a stricken air when one speaks low. But let the voice be raised and instantly the eyes clear, the brow smooths, an animated color comes into your cheeks, and there is nothing of depression and distress left.

'I will try,' I shrieked, in English, at the top of my lungs.

Freud cast a triumphant glance at Doctor Ferden. 'What did I tell you? These patients insist on talking in a low voice when actually they can express themselves as distinctly as anybody else.'

He appeared to have lost all interest in me; but I felt that he was looking at me obliquely. The other doctor did likewise, and I felt so weak, so menaced, that the terrors of a lamb in the claws of a wolf seemed nothing compared with mine. For I had two wolves upon me.

'Why do you insist on my treating you?' Freud asked in English. 'A treatment by psychoanalysis is very long. It will take at least a year, probably more, and meanwhile I may die. Then what are you going to do? Eh? Kill yourself? Don't you ever want to kill yourself? You do, don't you?'

Doctor Ferden writhed distractedly, like a man trying to seize a windmill.

'No, no, Herr Professor. I have asked her that already. She does not want to kill herself. On the contrary, she is afraid of dying.'

Freud shrugged his shoulders. 'My dear fellow, the two always go together.'

'Certainly, Herr Professor, but not at the same time. Madame Dubois has told me specifically that. . . .'

III

In our conversation there was something grotesque, something improbable, something reminiscent of the Ballet Russe, clowns and madmen, and the writers of tall tales. I heard an

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impossible mixture of German and French words and English phrases: as if the pages of three tattered dictionaries had been pasted together at random. And this old man, who did not look like an old man, but rather like a flattering and youthful statue of an old man; who spoke in a grating voice; with a lump that rose and fell like the counterweight of an elevator. . . .

It was warm. The sky seemed bursting with health. Oh, to be a blade of grass, or a bird! But there were the three of us playing a new version of *Dr. Knock*.

I was given a few moments respite while they discussed some point. What? Me? Dogs? Fees? Oh, Molière, that you should have missed Freud, and psychoanalysis, and psychoanalists! Again the Master plunged into meditation reminiscent of the trances of the Pythian priestess upon her tripod. He straightened up. His arm shot out like a snake whose charmer has stopped playing the flute.

'I have a confession to make,' he said, this time in grinding, lugubrious French, which seemed to stick in his poor, sick throat. 'I am afraid that you will not be able to come to me for an analysis. I have two dogs. I love dogs. Eh? Shall you dare come even so?'

My eyes became haggard, and I wrung my hands like a bashful virgin to whom a lecherous gentleman has just proposed a gallant *rendez-vous*. 'I—I don't know. Perhaps—if I were sure that I should never encounter them. . .'

I shook. I felt that if I could only see myself, I should feel sorry for myself.

'They are very well-behaved, you know. Don't you want to see them? *I* love them.'

'Yes, but they don't bite *you*. I, too, used to like them, before—but now that they all bite me . . .'

Doctor Ferden shook his head. 'Poor young woman, to be in such a state at her age! What a pity.'

'I believe you said *before*. Before what?'

'I don't know . . . before . . .'

Freud glanced at Ferden's notes. 'Before your marriage, perhaps?'

'Perhaps . . . I don't know any more . . . Yes, I think so.'

The two prophets exchanged a look pregnant with the modest triumph of men who are never wrong.

'What did I tell you?' Freud rejoiced.

'Absolutely, Herr Professor.'

'It is a classic case.'

'I thought as much, Herr Professor.'

'I am going to show you something else.'

Once more I felt that magic, dictatorial look which weighed upon me, crushed me, robbing me of all will except to see and hear.

'Why don't you smile?' said Freud, setting me an example. In the light his teeth sparkled like gold nuggets. I tried to smile in return, and achieved the distant and dolorous smirk of Lillian Gish in *Broken Blossoms*. After only three short minutes, I succeeded in smiling.

'Ah,' cried Freud, become wheedling and paternal, 'You are charming now. Why don't you always want to smile?'

'Because the dogs bite me,' I replied with oppressive stubbornness.

'All this is very significant,' Freud murmured. 'I can begin my treatment next week, but before that it is im-

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perative for me to see your husband. Can he come and join you? Besides, you cannot stay here alone. You must have a woman companion to whom I can give instructions for your treatment. A friend of yours, perhaps.'

I agreed.

'It is very curious,' muttered Freud, in an aside to Doctor Ferden. 'I am sure that she is afraid not only of dogs but also of pictures of dogs.' He raised his voice to include me in the conversation. 'Shall I show you a photo of my little dogs?'

I made such a gesture of aversion that he burst into laughter. 'What would she say if I let her see the little statuette of a Pekinese I have here?'

'Shall I show it to her?' asked Doctor Ferden.

'No, no. Why? If she threw a fit after that, it would help a lot, wouldn't it! No, I think we have talked enough for today. Now about the fee.'

'I told her it would be three hundred schillings, which she brought, Herr Professor.'

'Yes, but the treatment?'

'Ah, that's so.' Another consultation, this time in *really* low voices.

'Professor Freud wants me to tell you that the treatment will cost a hundred schillings a day,' Doctor Ferden explained to me, in French.

'Oh, that's nothing. That is understood.'

'I can also show you the sanatorium, where you and your companion would be very comfortable,' Ferden proposed. 'It is the best sanatorium in Vienna. It *is*, to be sure, somewhat expensive. It would cost you sixty schillings a day for yourself and thirty for your companion if she sleeps in the same room with you.'

In short, I might hope that after spending a thousand francs a day for at least one year, perhaps two, I should lose all fear of dogs!

Freud rose. He extended a hand; I extended an envelope. His gesture seemed friendly rather than professional. But he took the envelope.

'One must live,' Doctor Ferden explained to me in the taxi that took us back to Vienna. 'There is nothing shameful about accepting money when you have earned it. Now I shan't ask you any more questions. I am going to leave you to the analysis.'

Back in Paris, I have done a good deal of thinking. I am going to give up the idea of being psychoanalyzed by Freud. But I *am* going to buy Fido a muzzle.

Fun for Young and Old

A treat for the children—modern style. The Royal Welch Fusiliers, who are to be converted into a mechanized machine-gun regiment, are holding an 'at home' at Wrexham Barracks at the end of the month. One of the features of the entertainment for the public will be the pleasure of donning masks and entering a gas-filled room. Children, as well as their parents, will be able to enjoy this.

—From the *Sheffield Telegraph*, Sheffield

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Two travelers board magic carpets and are carried back into the past, finding in Bessarabia and in Azerbaijan people and conditions which have seen little, if any, change since the days of Rasputin or the brothers Karamazoff.

Tales *of* TARTARY

I. The Golden Road

By Peter Fleming

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

AT THE dawn flight there were fewer mosquitoes than there had been the evening before, and also fewer ducks. Without much reluctance we squelched back to the hut in which we had slept, and had breakfast. Breakfast was typical of the kind of meal which the foreigner finds himself eating in out-of-the-way parts of Russia; it consisted of sardines, grapes, and brandy. Afterwards the Armenian and I, with a dead gazelle in a sack, drove to the nearest station and boarded a very slow train for Baku. I had a boat to catch.

I caught it without much difficulty. When I went on board at 4 o'clock the next morning the captain, who had an abstracted air, asked me what the time was. I told him. 'We are late,' he said, frowning. He was twelve hours late.

When I woke the next morning the ship was steaming lackadaisically across the Caspian. There were a great many passengers on board. In the steerage Turkomans, Uzbeks, a few Kirghiz, and many less outlandish people packed the sunlit deckspace, sleeping, delousing, gnawing hunks of black bread, and being trampled on by their own and other peoples' children. The first class saloon was very small and was unfortunately equipped with a loudspeaker; the folk-music of Azerbaijan dogged us relentlessly from Baku. Under the clock (which had stopped) hung the key of the lavatory. Everyone, when occasion arose, took the key with him; but this was only

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ritual, a salute—half wistful, half resolute—to a Utopia not yet attained, for the lock of the lavatory was broken and the place itself was used, indiscriminately and unskilfully, by all classes.

Boris slept most of the day. I played a good deal of chess with three nondescript young men. On the saloon table stood a huge carafe of drinking water. The water was mud-colored and thick with sediment, and when I suggested to the ship's doctor (who was a very large woman in a salmon-pink dress) that this was unhygienic and dangerous the idea was favorably received by many of those present. An animated self-criticism meeting was held, the prestige of the U.S.S.R. was alternately impugned and defended, and the contents of the carafe remained as before.

Late that night we docked at Krasnovodsk, missing our connection on the Trans-Caspian Railway by a comfortable margin; but they said there would be another train tomorrow. Boris and I slept on board, and in the morning went ashore for a light breakfast of boiled fish-heads and sour milk. Then we settled down to wait.

Krasnovodsk is a very small town, brought into being on that hot desert coast by the Trans-Caspian Railway, of which it is the western terminus. It is shut in by hills which, because they are spectacular and mountainous in outline, cheat the eye into overestimating their size—until suddenly you see a man striding on them like a giant. In the refuse-littered outskirts stand a few dilapidated nomad *yurts*. Water is scarce, and the people wash their clothes in the sea if they wash them at all.

I walked over the hills behind the town in quest of a place to bathe. I found a stretch of foreshore where men with guns, inadequately concealed in shallow hides, waited for some little flocks of duck to drift or swim within range. The chances of this happening were materially lessened by a party of laundresses, who splashed and chattered in the vicinity, filling the bright windless noon with sociable noise. Removing myself to the distance dictated by the twin considerations of decency and sportsmanship, I bathed. The process served the purposes of neither recreation nor hygiene, for the Caspian at this point turned out to be only nine inches deep and its floor was covered with a layer of rich black mud. I dressed and walked back to Krasnovodsk, much dirtier than before.

The rest of the day was spent mostly in the station waiting-room. Next door to it was a *crêche*, provided by Soviet enlightenment for the children of workers. Next door to that was a public lavatory, differing from most cesspools only in its central position and in the fact that it was partially roofed over. The day passed slowly.

Toward evening Boris and I found ourselves at a party. It was given by a high railway official in the private coach on which he was making a tour of inspection. The fare provided was sardines (belonging to us) and vodka (belonging to him). The other guests were an irrigation expert, a trade official who spoke German, and the manager of the Turkmanistan National Theater, a particularly horrible young man.

The irrigation expert declaimed a poem which he had written, could not remember the last verse, and burst into tears. Somebody announced that our train had come in.

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Boris and I took our places in the four-berthed box which we were to share for the next three days with two railway engineers. There was not much room, and the tattered padding on the berths was ominously speckled with those bloodspots each of which commemorates the annihilation of a bedbug.

We discovered, as soon as we had settled in, that there was no lighting of any kind on the train: the driving belt of the dynamo was broken, and the electrician had been put under arrest.

There was also no water, either for drinking or washing, and I decided to buy some mineral water in the station before we started.

It looked as if I had time to do this. The Moscow time-table said that the train left at 6:35; the notice board on the platform said 6:28; local opinion hovered in the neighborhood of 6:18; and the railway official plumped, authoritatively, for 6:30. So I detrained and ordered a magnum.

But during that long truce (which London taxi-drivers also observe) between the making of the payment and the delivery of the change, a bell rang, a whistle blew, and more than one bystander called my attention to the train, which had begun to move.

Clutching the bottle and cursing all Russians, I ran, sprinted, leapt, and found myself on board, *en route* for Samarkand. The time was 6:22.

II. Visit to Bessarabia

By Philippe Lamour

Translated from the *Œuvre*, Paris Radical Socialist Daily

GOING to Bessarabia means traveling in time more even than traveling in space. From the minute you alight at the Chisinau station—once known as Kishinev, a village of 100,000 inhabitants—you are plunged into the middle of a Russian novel. Nothing is missing: a mujik, filthy and bemustached, lugs away your bags, dragging along on the ground his swarthy feet, swathed in dirty linen rags. In passing the station, you observe a telegraph operator, with close-cropped head, sitting in his office with his boots on the table and his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, waiting for news, and spitting out sunflower seeds. Outside a crowd is milling about in the dust. Peasant women with kerchiefs tied under their chins hurry by. Shaggy donkeys, loaded with market baskets, stumble along the primitive pavement. In the shadow of their carts low-browed peasants stand and wait—nobody knows what for.

In one corner of the square two hundred half-dressed men huddle among their scattered possessions. They are recruits, a whole army that has sprung up from the depths of the swamps, from the hills and mountains, the whole hidden misery of the famished country, which, during the winter, the State seeks in vain to hide but which, in spring, it is forced to exhibit, like some shameful sore, for recruiting purposes. There they stand, dazed, resigned, as solidly built as if they had been hewn out of wood, as brown as bears. They are watched

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over by ragged soldiers whose uniforms are nothing more than soiled pieces of cloth torn at the elbows and patched up with twine.

Through this ragamuffin army the officers make their way. In their tight-fitting uniforms and stiff collars, their polished high-heeled boots with gilded ornaments, they shine like bedizened figures out of an operetta—only, perhaps, even more so. The military profession has lost here the last vestiges of shame, and the only respect it demands is that which is accorded to brute force.

And here come carriages drawn by two horses, their shafts studded with tinkly bells, driven by coachmen who are classic types, right out of pre-War engravings: vizored caps, wandering, alcoholic eyes, drooping mustaches, and greatcoats of greasy corduroy pulled in at the waist with blue belts. With many jolts, we leave in a cloud of dust and tackle a steep downward path which takes us to the city.

We enter a sort of street flanked by scattered hovels whose roofs, made of brown thatch, seem to be bent upon extinguishing the lively note provided by the outrageous blues and aggressive yellows of the walls. This is a strange place, and seems to pass from one continent to another in a few weeks. During the winter, when the temperature is 22° below zero, Siberia-like desolation reigns. In summer, under a sweltering sky, it becomes transformed into a South-American village: the only thing that is missing in the bare, scorched squares, where the soil cracks around the meager vegetation, is Bolivar's statue.

It is Sunday. The bells of all eight basilicas and thirty churches echo each other in the sky. Through the open doors one can see the altars, ablaze with candles, the caparisoned, bearded priests going through their complex rituals, the crowd prostrated on the ground in superstitious adoration. Ikons of bright gold line the walls. Old ladies in kerchiefs grovel before them, and wan, bearded men in black, buttoned up to their collars, kiss the ikons—part of a ritual which demands genuflections, prostrations, and repeated signs of the cross. Austere, heart-rending chants rise to the vaults.

At the door a mob of beggars assails the faithful. They crawl close, they stretch out their festering stumps, they show their gangrenous sores, howl out their amputations, cling, beg, staring into your eyes with the living or dead look of their own, sick eyes, intoning an inhuman, disquieting complaint.

II

This is altogether the atmosphere of Russian books. It comes back to one redolent of one's own astonished childhood—this atmosphere of embroidered blouses, of incense, convents and Cossacks, the old, pre-War Russia, known to us only through forbidden books, and through Balieff's *Chauve Souris*.

At the time of the morning apéritif the bells ring again, and the elegant crowd takes its religious hour's stroll along the public walks. The gilded officers ogle the dark women, who are the only ones in the world who still jealously guard that modest and yet guilty look which must have been the principal charm of the courtesans of the 1900's. For the rest, they are beautiful women. No fashion can spoil the shape of their bodies, so typical of

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their race, or their charming, big-boned faces.

The bells ring again when, the night having fallen, one enters a local tavern standing under some trees on the outskirts of the town. This is the tavern where Dmitri Karamazoff once went to drink away his blood money. But what am I saying? Dmitri? Why, there he is now, ill at ease in his civilian clothes, his swaggering mustache already grown gray. Two wretched-looking courtesans rush at him with little cries; their out-of-fashion dresses flap around their calves, and they are careful not to let their smiles crack the veneer of paint on their enameled faces.

At once the orchestra strikes up a tune which the handsome officer must like. The orchestra consists of a great brute of a woman, as black as the night, who scrapes at her violin as if she wanted to saw it in two, and a schoolmarm with glasses who bangs on the piano as though she were deaf. A small blond Russian girl with a pretentious diadem on her head throws out her flabby chest and rolls her earnest eyes as though moved by her song, which she lisps with pouting mouth:—

'Misha . . . Mishouka . . .'

The whole merry crowd joins in the refrain, clapping their hands and stamping their feet. 'Dmitri's' friends arrive; they are officials in wing collars, with thin mustaches, and Derby hats—very St. Petersburg. They are escorting a 'priestess of fashion,' who looks as if she had escaped from a stained-glass window, modern style, or an Ibsen dress-rehearsal. She is loaded with jewels, encircled with metal ornaments, blond and disdainful. All she lacks is a lily in her hands.

The orchestra begins again. Drinks are passed around. People eat beefsteaks out of their hollow wooden plates. A drunkard sprawled in a dark corner bangs loudly on his table, then gets up, reeling, and calls for a drink. The woman smiles a forced smile, charged with meaning and with malice. Her dying-doe eyes take in the uncertain signs the drunkard is making at a ten-year-old boy with shaved head who looks on and judges silently. The weather is mild. The sky is clear and full of stars. The smell of burning fat from the kitchen mingles with more suspicious odors from the rear of the courtyard. And the whole tavern repeats in chorus:—

'Misha! Mishouka!'

We are in a corner of the earth which history has passed by and which seems to guard the image of a dead world jealously, as if to bear witness to it, in defiance of time. Here we find it intact, as if preserved in a museum, —or pickled in alcohol,—the last vestige of a fallen State: Tsarist Russia.

We are in Bessarabia.

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A well-known French author evaluates the usefulness of history as a guide to the solution of current problems.

The Uses *of* History

By JULIEN BENDA

Translated from the *Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily

MR. MAXIME LEROY'S recent work raises once again the important question whether or not a knowledge of history is needed in order to govern.

You know the negative case, which one of our most brilliant academicians has recently revived. It may be summarized as follows: the statesman has special problems to solve. He has to solve them in their special, unforeseen aspects. In these the study of history will be of no use to him.

To which the 'historians' reply: 'These special problems, though they are special, yet have a general character, a link with the eternal man. A situation does not have an identical parallel in the past, but it has analogies. Nothing is entirely "old stuff;" but neither is anything entirely new. A knowledge of the general character of the problem to be resolved, and an acquaintance with its analogies, are needed by the statesman. And only the study of history can provide him with them.'

No one will deny that every problem has its analogies in the past. The question is to know in what degree they are analogous to it; in what degree, consequently, the statesman can make use of them. I hold that this depends upon the epoch.

Up until the nineteenth century public life changed very little and the problems of the day admitted of analogies in the past sufficiently analogous to enable the statesmen to profit by them. Henry IV and Richelieu in their relations with their subjects found themselves faced with problems which were so little different from those which Louis XI and even St. Louis had had to resolve that it was useful for them to know what solutions the latter had found for these problems.

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the situation has been different. Doubtless problems always have their analogies in the past; they always share a part of eternal humanity; but the analogy is now so distant, the new outweighs the old so

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much, that an examination of the past loses much of its interest. 'The development of society has been speeded up to such a point in the last hundred years,' Langlois and Seignobos declare, 'that for the understanding of its present form the history of these hundred years is more important than that of the ten preceding centuries. As an explanation of the present, history has been reduced almost to the study of the contemporary period.' (*Introduction aux Etudes Historiques.*)

In these circumstances one may admit that the statesman derives far less profit from history. An example:—

Recently an 'enemy' of history (*not* Mr. Paul Valéry) maintained that in their troubles with the unions of Government employees the rulers of the Third Republic would find no aid in the study of the past, considering the newness of the problem. It was observed that this problem was nothing more than a new form of a very old problem, with which the kings of France and even the Roman emperors had had to deal when they came to grips with their administrators, who had banded together in leagues in the hope of making themselves masters of their posts, and in this way escaping the authority of the State. Agreed. Yet we still have to know if this new form of the problem is not *so* new, if the position of the modern Government employee is not so different from that of the old (because of the contract which the State now enters into with him and because of the partnership recognized by the State) that there is scarcely any interest, as far as resolving the question goes, in studying the previous forms of it. I dare say that in the difficulties they have with the teachers our Ministers of Education will find little help in poring over the history of the Emperor Aurelian's disputes with his treasury officials.

Let us take also the case of the modern State faced with the claims of the workers. People tell me the old régime knew these movements. It knew strikes and riots, yes, but it did not know the *right* to strike. It did not know the prospect of calling out a national army against a riot. These are new things, which make the problem singularly new and render an acquaintance with the workers and movements of the 18th century, so admirably described by Mr. Henri Hauser, of meager profit for the statesman today.

II

There is, however, one plane on which the defenders of history seem to capture the whole terrain, the plane of the nation's soul. 'By studying history,' they say to the statesmen, 'you will know the soul of your people in its essential and eternal aspects. And this is something which you must never forget.'

Doubtless; but alongside of this eternal quality—whose balance sheet is well enough known, and does not, perhaps, necessitate digesting whole libraries,—there exist in the soul of the nation certain new traits due to new facts, which the chief of that nation will need to understand fully as well, perhaps, as the eternal qualities.

It will perhaps be well to observe that since the catastrophe of 1914 young Frenchmen have become aware of the economic perhaps more than

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the political, of the real more than the theoretical. We may even say that certain foreign statesmen would perhaps be well advised to notice that the France of today has lost its taste for war, and longs only for peace.

The defenders of history are particularly insistent in matters of foreign policy. They deplore the fact that at Versailles the French negotiators did not take more account of the treaties of Westphalia. A statesman, Mr. Joseph Caillaux, replies that these treaties were written for a small Europe which was entirely agricultural, and that to take one's inspiration from them today in a world which has become so completely industrial would be to steer a sure course toward worse disasters. Which does not mean that in this Europe, so different from that of Hugh of Lionne, it is not necessary all the same to take account of certain historical facts more perhaps than has been done.

In short, every political problem has two aspects: one, that of the classifiable factors, the factors which may be referred to a category of history, of things whose formulae may be found in books; and the other aspect, that of the unique factor calling for a solution made to measure, which does not consist in applying a rule, but demands the spirit of invention and the genius of the artist. Cabinet members and career diplomats have a natural tendency to see in almost every case only the first aspect. The essential thing is that statesmen should learn to see the second aspect.

One must recognize that in general they do see it. I should like to say in this connection that in the Third Republic we do not give our Ministers the credit they deserve for this. They have often been great artists. The manner in which the Waldeck-Rousseaus and the Briands have solved certain strikes, and the solution which a Poincaré found for the drama of the franc in 1926, which one of their predecessors had found for the crisis of Boulangism, seem to me to be singularly happy solutions of problems for which, one must admit, history offers very few precepts.

Paging the Pagan

Graduate, 20 years old, Christian environment, seeks exchange of ideas with unsophisticated pagan girl.

—Advertisement from *Am Heiligen Quell*,
General Ludendorff's Paper

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A short short story about a Pole in a seamen's hospital far from home, by the author of *The Furys* and *Stoker Bush*.

JACOB

By JAMES HANLEY

From the *Spectator*,
London Conservative Weekly

JACOB was a tall broad-shouldered man with hair the color of bronze. His face, adorned with a short beard of the same color, had about it that knowledgeable air which one comes to associate with that kind of man. For Jacob was a deep-water man. Also he was a Pole, the only member of his family to take to the sea. For his people the pull of the land was greater than the pull of the ocean. He had sailed seven times round the world and had not been home. Now his ship was in an English port. With other seamen he was sitting in a bosun's chair painting the ship's funnel, when suddenly the rope slacked off, and the chair slithered down the newly-painted area of the funnel.

Chair and man landed on the deck with a thump. The other men looked down and laughed. Jacob, entangled in the chair which had got foul of the guy rope, looked up the funnel. The men were still laughing. After much trouble he managed to disentangle himself from the chair. He stood up, but immediately fell down again. Again the men laughed. The man lying helpless on the deck blushed from shame. He had broken his leg, but this was a small matter besides the humiliation he now suffered. It was catastrophic. How had the rope come to give way like that? His leg pained, but the worry of the slacking rope was greater. He swore to himself. He tried to rise again, but the leg gave way. The other men lowered themselves down the funnel.

Then the bosun came up. He laughed, too, saying Jacob would now get a holiday. But always that humiliation remained with him. He couldn't understand. His leg was nothing to the mistake he had made. Then they carried him ashore. All along the deck he explained, saying the rope was no good. How could it have given way when he put a double purchase on it? A chorus of laughs greeted these explanations, so the

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pain of the broken leg was forgotten. He gave a last look at the ship as they put him in the ambulance.

But an even greater misery was to come. At the hospital they said his leg was badly broken. He would have to remain. The people round his bed dressed in spotless white spoke a language he could not understand. Then when the bosun came into the ward everybody went away and left the two men to themselves. First thing Jacob said was that everybody stared at him, he couldn't understand why they did it. Laughing, the bosun said he was such a fine-looking man. Maybe they didn't see many sailors about those parts. Still, he would have to put up with that for a while. Besides the ship was leaving for Manchester on the next tide to pick up the remainder of her cargo. She'd come back here for her clearance papers and they would pick him up, provided, of course, that the leg was all right.

At once Jacob's face fell. The meaning of the whole affair was clear at once. The bosun shook hands with him and went away. The man lay down in the bed and stared up at the ceiling.

Half an hour later a nurse came into the ward. Jacob was still staring at the ceiling. He thought of his ship. There seemed nothing else to think about. He had never been in a hospital before. Worse, he couldn't understand a single word they said. And everybody in the ward kept staring at him. He felt frightfully alone, a castaway if ever there was one. Twenty-seven years he had sailed the seas but this was the first time he had ever been away from his ship. At twelve o'clock his dinner was brought. When the nurse came at two o'clock to clear the tray the meal was still there, untouched. But he must eat. How was he to get better if he didn't? The nurse smiled down at him. Jacob merely frowned at her. She went away. It wouldn't have been so bad if he had been able to understand their language. He felt more isolated than ever. When a ship's siren blew from the basin he turned his face to the wall. That could only be his ship.

II

The doctor came. Jacob had nothing to say. Besides these people in white would never understand him anyway. He was a sailorman, and how could people on the land understand men like him, even if they spoke Polish? At last they found a doctor in a neighboring hospital who could speak the language. For the first time Jacob talked, but his misery remained. He couldn't stand being here, he said. He wanted to be sent up to Manchester to his ship. That was his real home. If they would only do this, his leg would get better quickly. The doctor laughed. It was all right, he wasn't to worry. The ship would call back from Manchester. She'd only gone for a few days. But you must eat, the doctor said, you must eat. Jacob nodded his head.

He asked if they would turn his bed round. From the window he could see the river. He'd be able to watch her come in. A smile came then when the doctor said he would see to this at once.

So they turned Jacob's bed round. Thank you. Thank you. He shook the doctor by the hand. He didn't feel so isolated now, yet the changing of the position of the bed set up an unrest in

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him. He looked out over the water. She'd come in through the lock, then turn into the basin. His eyes scanned the horizon, his expression tensed, as though at any moment he would see her foremast rounding the pierhead.

The other patients watched him. He was never still, and at night they swore he never slept at all. Time and time again he cursed himself, cursed the rope, cursed everything in the world. He would never forget the humiliation of that morning. Never. How any rope could slack off like that was beyond him. No, he'd never forget it.

The days passed. Always he looked out through the window. He ate a little, the leg gradually mended, but the old life had gone out of Jacob. Only his eyes lived as he stared out through the hospital window. This was prison. He couldn't stand it any longer. Came the day when they said he might get up and try his foot on the floor. Bewilderedly he looked at the doctor, the only person who understood what lay in his mind. A single thought. His ship.

Splendid! Splendid! the doctor said. In a few days he would be able to try his leg out in the hospital grounds. Again he shook hands with the doctor. Suddenly he asked the doctor if he would keep watch for his ship. The doctor laughed as Jacob explained painstakingly every detail of her appearance. As he was in town each morning, would he, the doctor, watch out for him? All he could see from the window was the water and the high wall at the pierhead. The doctor said he would. As soon as ever he set eyes on her he would come and tell him.

The next day Jacob limped across the hospital grounds, a stick in his hand. A nurse held on to his arm. Every now and again he stopped by the railings to look out across the water. Would that ship never come? The nurse smiled. He was the strangest patient she had ever seen. And now he had made the other patients like himself, restless.

People passing the hospital now stopped to stare up at a strange-looking man. A fierce-looking man, dressed in a hospital coat. His bronze hair and beard blew in the wind, his strong browned hands gripped the iron railings, his eyes had a wild look in them as he stared out towards the sea. People talked. What a strange-looking fellow he was. Like a pirate. Somebody said he must be a sailor. Everybody else then agreed that it must be so.

People who had never stared in their lives before, stared now. The tall broad-shouldered man seemed to live at the railings, and always his demeanor was somewhat frightening, as though at any minute he might tear the rails from their foundation and hurl himself into the street.

Patience gave way at last. Even the good-humored nurses became irritated, as though he had communicated this restlessness to them. The doctor explained to them. But they did not understand. Jacob was different. He didn't belong to them at all, nor to the world. Jacob's home was his ship, his life was there, and would be there always. But he has the whole ward in a ferment, the nurses explained. Yes. Yes. He understood. But they had to consider the man was a foreigner. Besides he was obviously very lonely. A sailor behind bars.

One morning the doctor came hurrying to his bed. There was no

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need to explain, Jacob having understood everything at a glance. At once the man changed. Laughing, he grasped the doctor's hands, gripping them so firmly that the slightly-built man winced, and forced his hands away. Yes. The ship had returned. And in the waiting room outside the bosun was pacing up and down, waiting to take him back to the only home he had.

Jacob went wild with joy. He rubbed his head, stroked his beard, clapped his hands. Then he went round to every bed, shaking each patient by the hand. The spell was broken. He was dumb no more. DANKE! he said. Danke! From bed to bed, from nurse to nurse. He must thank everybody. He dressed quickly and went out with the doctor. Seeing the bosun, he held out his arms, embracing him like a child. The doctor saw them to the door. They went down the steps. A taxi was waiting to take them back to the ship. Jacob turned round and looked up at the windows. Then he looked at the nurses and sister standing on the steps. He cupped his hand and halloed. Danke! Danke! he called out in a loud voice. Danke! Danke! Danke!

True Men, not Internationalists

Our warmest congratulations to Germany and Italy, the sanest and most splendidly organized countries in the world today. Their close rapprochement and settlement with Austria make for Peace. Mussolini and Hitler put their countries first. They are true MEN, not internationalists like the leaders in another country which shall be nameless.

If Frenchmen who love their country were wise—they would invite Hitler to come to France to put France in order and destroy Bolshevism. *This would remove the menace of war in Europe, and England would then have breathing time to build up her defences which have been so shamefully neglected by this accursed National Government.*

—From the *Saturday Review*, London

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Sylvia Weathers the Storm

AMERICANS who have visited Paris in recent years will remember the English bookshop of Sylvia Beach, Shakespeare and Company. It is situated on the Rue de l'Odéon, just off the Boulevard St. Germain, and it has long been the rendezvous of English-speaking 'intellectuals' and 'advance guard' writers and artists from all parts of the world. Thanks to the courage of Sylvia Beach, to her faith in unknown writers, and her ability calmly to defy the prudes and the traditionalists, many a book and poem now recognized as an important factor in the development of post-War literature first got into print. (And to be honest, much trivia did, too.) The greatest achievement of her publishing career was unquestionably James Joyce's *Ulysses*, which Shakespeare and Company brought out years before it was possible to import a copy legally into the United States.

But that was in the days when 'prosperity' was world-wide, or almost, and the shop did a lively business with American tourists eager to smuggle contraband books (only to discard them, puzzled and bored, when they got them back home). After the coming of the depression Miss Beach's business fell off sharply, until it reached a point where it seemed necessary to close. Writing in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Adrienne Monnier tells who saved the firm, and how:—

About a year and a half ago our friend Sylvia Beach sorrowfully decided that it would probably be necessary to close the fine English bookshop which she founded in Paris seventeen years ago. The depression, which had hit so many French bookshops, naturally affected this one to an even greater degree.

One day she was telling her troubles to Gide, mentioning her decision to give up the place.

'But that's impossible!' he said sharply. 'You play a rôle among us that we could not do without. Your services are invaluable. Something must be done.'

It was then that the idea came to us to form a group of 'Friends of Shakespeare and Company,' who would pay annual subscriptions. It was Jenny de Margerie and Jean Schlumberger who, during a ten day sojourn at Pontigny, hit upon the good idea of authors' readings—readings which would be offered to the Friends and would take place in the setting of the bookshop itself.

Schlumberger drafted an appeal. A Committee of Sponsors was formed, including Georges Duhamel, Luc Durtain, André Gide, Jules Romains, Jean Schlumberger and Paul Valéry. We should have liked to have had the name of our great Claudel on this committee, but we did not dare solicit it. We knew that he had never forgiven us for publishing Joyce's *Ulysses*. Hadn't he written us about it: '*Ulysses*, like the *Portrait*, is full of the most foul blasphemies, in which one feels all the hate of a renegade, and is, at the same time, cursed with a truly diabolical lack of talent . . .'? After that . . .

So, beginning in January of that year, readings were given at Sylvia's. It was Gide who inaugurated them, by reading fragments of his then unpublished *Geneviève*. Gide is known to read admirably. His voice will rise and fall with a reso-

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nance and authority capable of stirring up a world.

ON THE twenty-ninth of February, in leap year, Valéry read some of the most engaging bits of prose selected from his *Alphabet*. He then read us *Narcisse*—we had said how much we wanted to hear him read his own poems. Afterward, as at a café-concert, several of the audience called '*Le Cimetière Marin, Le Cimetière Marin!*' but it was Joyce who imperiously demanded *Le Serpent*, and finally got satisfaction. And what satisfaction for us all! Valéry, who often maintains that the art of reading was denied him, read his *Serpent* with such perfection—not as an actor but as an author, yes, the whole author came out—that even now our pulse quickens when we recall it.

At the end of March Jean Schlumberger read an unpublished play, *La Tentation de Tati*. Schlumberger reads enchantingly, in a way that is simple, sapient and spirited. His reading, more than any other, recaptured for us the spirit of the eighteenth century, with its amicable exchanges of wit. His comedy, in which the savages have as much to say, and say it as well, as Montesquieu's Persians, seemed to have been created to transport us to that period.

Jean Paulhan spoke in the early part of May on the *Fleurs de Tarbes*. And, finally, to round off this first series of meetings, the great English poet, T. S. Eliot, came to Paris on June sixth to read us his poems. It is understandable that the poetry of T. S. Eliot should be considered obscure. Stemming from a profoundly original sensitiveness, it is full of half-expressed motifs—those rare and disturbing states of mind which the Zen call *satoris*. In his reading the poet is able to communicate this dread; his voice is pure with a reverberating intonation, poised in its calm torments. His face is beautiful and strange —that of an overworked archangel who can accomplish only half of his task, leaving the rest to the North Wind.

Uncle Rudyard

IT HAS been fairly common in recent years for the sons (or daughters) of British Prime Ministers to find a quiet berth in the back benches of their father's party; but Mr. Stanley Baldwin has a less docile son. Mr. Oliver Baldwin, the Socialist son of the Conservative Prime Minister, has long been conspicuous as a family rebel. He recently took a shot in public at another relative, his famous uncle, the late Rudyard Kipling. His unflattering analysis of the poet called forth indignant denials in the correspondence columns of the London *Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. Baldwin selected a group of elocution teachers meeting for a summer course at the London Academy of Music as the audience to which to confide his estimate of his uncle. Mr. Baldwin pointed out that he himself was only five years old when he first knew Kipling, and added: 'There is nobody living who knew Kipling in certain moods as I knew him.' According to Mr. Baldwin, Kipling was successful in early life because he was the first artist known in Anglo-India—a world where art and literature had been entirely unknown; but he was not popular with those in authority, and as a result he developed a kind of inferiority complex. He wrote his verses to attack and sneer at people who had different political views from his own.

'In 1914,' Mr. Baldwin continued, 'came the War, and to him it was the answer to "the maiden's prayer." He had preached that this was coming. He was proud his son had joined the army at the age of seventeen. Here his inferiority complex had come out: he was not able to be a soldier himself, but his son was in uniform. In September, 1915, his son was posted as missing at the battle of Loos. From that date Kipling became an entirely different man. . . . Imperialism stopped dead for him. . . .

'It broke him completely. He shut up like a clam. All his creation went. All the

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lovely side of his nature—all the *Jungle Book*, all the playing with children, all the love for people—went like that! He concentrated himself in revenge. He looked upon me to be the one to revenge his son against the German people. . . . He wanted to see the end of Germany. He wrote the wickedest short story ever written in the history of the world—the story of Mary Postgate!'

(The story of Mary Postgate is about the companion to an old lady whose airman-nephew is killed in the war. Later a German aviator, after bombing the village where the companion, Mary Postgate, lives, and killing a child, crashes in a wood near her house. Mary Postgate stands beside the wreckage and watches the German die.)

The chorus of shocked criticism which followed Mr. Baldwin's speech was led by two men who had also enjoyed the benefit of youthful faculties in forming their estimates of the poet's character. These were two former schoolmates of Kipling's, Major-General L. C. Dunsterville and Mr. G. C. Beresford, commonly accepted as the originals, respectively, of 'Stalky' and 'McTurk' in *Stalky and Co.*

'Mr. Baldwin is absolutely wrong when he says that Kipling had an inferiority complex,' remarked Mr. Beresford. 'At school he had a tremendous superiority complex. This was heightened in India, where his great success in early manhood made him the most popular man in the country. . . . I was at school with Kipling for four years. It is in the school years that a person reveals himself and the moods that Mr. Baldwin talks about.'

The inferiority complex seemed equally incredible to Major-General Dunsterville, who protested: 'I was in the Punjab from 1885 onward, and saw a good deal of the young writer who was amusing the Anglo-Indian world with his bitter satires on men in high places. The knowledge that the great ones of the earth were quailing before the shafts of his wit filled him with an almost excessive "superiority complex," and this subconscious feeling of superiority persisted with him throughout his life. Perhaps his relative, Mr. Oliver Baldwin, mistook his admirable, if excessive, modesty for a sense of inferiority.

'Then as to the tragic death of his only son in the early days of the Great War. I was in distant lands when I heard the news, and I wrote at once a letter of sympathy. His reply was couched in language of beautiful simplicity, and the gist of it was: "I have lost what I treasured most on earth, but I can only fold my hands and bow my head. When I look around and see what others have suffered, I am silent." There was not a word reviling the enemy or suggesting for one moment a desire for revenge.'

Further doubt was cast on Mr. Baldwin's accuracy by the poet's daughter, who observed indignantly that 'with reference to the supposed intimate knowledge of my father, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, by Mr. Oliver Baldwin, I should like to point out that my father had not seen or spoken to him for certainly ten years prior to his death. It is therefore clear that Mr. Baldwin's statements about my father are of little value.'

But it remained for Mr. Edward Shanks to point out that '*Mary Postgate*, the story which has caused all the pother, . . . cannot have been the result of the death of John Kipling. It was first published in *Nash's Magazine* for September, 1915. Even if we concede that that issue of the magazine may have been published later than the first of the month, . . . by no possibility can we suppose that it was written after September 27, on which day the author's son was posted as missing.'

The elocution teachers went home in some confusion.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Elephant and Donkey

ALMOST without exception the English newspapers, whether Conservative, Liberal, or Socialist, are betting on Roosevelt, for they all seem to feel that he is the only candidate with more to offer the American public than a winning personality and an exemplary family life. At the same time they are inclined to deprecate the methods and manners of the campaign, and to condemn both the major parties for corruption, hypocrisy and ballyhoo. Writing in *Time and Tide*, London independent weekly of the Left, Miss Odette Keun voices the typical English view of the American pre-election scene with more than typical vivacity:—

As I traveled through the Southern regions of the United States, in a heat of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, a drought that threatens to be more disastrous than that of 1934, among wilting crops, shriveled vegetables, roasted flowers, and the despairing lamentations of the farmers (I do wish the Lord God would abstain from His 'acts' for a little and give America a breathing-spell: tornadoes, cyclones, hurricanes, floods, earthquakes, dryness—this unfortunate country never gets a break!), I followed day after day and evening after evening the activities of the Republican Convention in Cleveland and the Democratic Convention in Philadelphia. No escape was possible—whether you entered a restaurant, a drug-store, a shop, a hotel or the drawing-room of a private house, there was the radio bawling frenzied speeches, crazy war whoops, driveling campaign songs, delirious slogans, or pouring out waves, billows, cataracts, oceans of acclamation, clapping, stamping, thumping, horn-tooting, band-blaring, mechanical noise-making with kazoos, bells, sirens. On the top of that you had the screamings and barkings of the raucous announcers bellowing incomprehensibly rapid descriptions or ecstatic comments. On one occasion, the 'demonstrameter,' a sound-recording instrument shaped like a thermometer and as big as a man, was smashed by the insane cheering.

Later, the picture films presented the screeching parades in the streets, the delegations in fancy dress—West Virginians with hillbilly overalls, Iowans with corn stalks, Texans with cowboy hats, Rhode Islanders with red leis—children in rags to prove poverty, fat waddling women in shorts to prove prosperity, an outdoor beauty contest to select the Queen of one of the Conventions, a hay-mower drawn by two mules to cut the non-existent grass Hoover had spitefully predicted would grow in the cities, incredibly silly banners and placards. Negro singers, soloists, the oldest living Presidential widow pulled out of her retreat and publicly exhibited, the Governor of Pennsylvania executing the hornpipe in transports of rapture. As vociferous vaudeville shows, they might have passed muster, but what connection they had with significant political meetings I have yet to discover.

Bedlam in the hotels, curfew law suspended, violation of State liquor regulations, delegates so deep in their cups that they could not reach their seats in the halls, magistrates maintaining their offices open all night to release the conventioneers who literally obliged the unwilling police to nab them. Melodramatic incidents in plenty: Mr. Al Smith's ungrammatical letter of rupture suddenly delivered to the Democratic Convention; Senator Ed. Smith's furious walk-out (he must have studied sedulously the Italian

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antics at Geneva) because a Negro preacher opened the Party's session with prayer—'Brother Smith needs more prayer,' remarked the colored minister quietly— booings, brawlings, bloodying of noses: childish bad manners.

Publicity and self-advertising galore, at once sentimental and boring: Mr. Roosevelt with his happy family and his fond mother, in every conceivable attitude; Mr. Landon with *his* happy family and his proud father, in every shape and form—both of them, of course, Hundred Per Cent Americans, superb executives, dutiful sons, faithful husbands, affectionate parents, staunch friends, leaders, saviors. The two stage managers, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Farley, surpassed in showmanship any impresario ever known. Hollywood ought to snap them up immediately.

In a word, the Republican elephant trumpeted with a vengeance, the Democratic Donkey brayed with a will, and their fiery followers raised their standards, raised their voices, raised their feet, went wild, stayed wild, and will be remembered as the givers of two of the most lunatic performances America has witnessed. Though it is fair to say that the Republican crowd was less unruly and boisterous than the Democrats, to a foreign observer who has come to love and believe in America as much as I do, the proceedings of both Parties were distressing and shocking in the extreme. At this crucial period of American history, in these tremendously important National Conventions dealing with vital issues, jabberings, yowlings, caperings were the order of the day. There was a total absence of any democracy in the methods of the assemblies; not even the beginning of an attempt at serious political debate; not the trace of a desire to frankly define and elucidate matters. The whole spectacle was that of a vulgar carnival and a cheap jamboree, and a terrifying example of the puerility of the American elector and the unscrupulousness of the American politician. . . .

What about the platforms? Well, the Republicans had a hell of a time rigging up theirs. In the Party are several fundamentally conflicting groups: the True Tories, still supporting the doctrine of *laissez faire*, the return to the gold standard, the stabilization of world currencies, the removal of restrictions on trade and the abandonment of agricultural subsidies; the industrial oligarchy of the East, which ardently desires high tariffs and is as ardently opposed to an international money system; and the Agrarian Republicans of the West, powerful advocates of the control of production, of subventions for farmers, and either inflationists or silverites. Add to these basic contentions ignorance of the true calibre and intentions of their own Presidential nominee, Governor Landon, a pleasant, shrewd, but up to now very ordinary type of politician who may be something, or who may be nothing, or who may be what is not required—no one knows at all; the fear or dislike of some of their members, like the unmanageable Senator Borah, the bungling Senator Steiwer, the dangerous Mr. Hearst; and you will have an idea of the headaches that afflicted the Republican pachyderm. The result of this urgent necessity to compromise was that behind the parade of a happy, hopeful and united front, the Republican platform is chockful of contradictions and inconsistencies.

The Democrats, on the other hand, only had to reconcile their platform with their President's opinions, and so are much more coherent, literate and convincing. But the queer thing about both programs is that, in spite of the fact that one party passionately denounces Roosevelt and all his works, and the other passionately lauds him and all his measures, the planks themselves are so closely similar that for the life of one, one cannot distinguish which is which. The generalities are identical, the promises are identical, the principal reforms are identical. A balanced budget, a sound currency, a social security program, protection of labor, relief for the

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unemployed, defence of the small business man against trusts and monopolies, preservation and extension of the civil service —all these great and good and fine achievements are to be performed within the Constitution as it now stands, and by the Republicans just as sincerely, devotedly and altruistically as by the Democrats.

On the points of farm policy and of tariffs, it is true, these equally wholehearted Sir Galahads do not see eye to eye; and on the question of keeping the door open to economic coöperation with other nations (Democrats) or of slamming it as hard as they can (Republicans), they thoroughly disagree. But, alas and alack for Europe! They clasp almost brotherly hands in a common determination not to 'implement' the Kellogg Pact by consulting with outside countries in case of a threat of war, and not to enter the World Court as members. No mention is made of the three primary issues of foreign policy—neutrality, collective security, and nationalization of the arms trade. In this respect, both programs manifest an abysmal indifference to the destinies of mankind, and considering that America is a democracy, they are a disgrace.

Such are the appearances of the Republican and the Democratic platforms. The *realities* of these platforms are quite a different pair of sleeves. I do not think for a moment that the Republicans in control have the moral and social intelligence to guide this country out of its pit. Their prevailing impulse is self-interest, with a formidable dash in it of greed and hate. There is no indication that they recognize the swing to the Left which is taking place everywhere in the world, or that they care about the things that move the common man in America today: increased bargaining power for the worker, a national economic pattern, modification of the excessive states' rights that render it so impossible to govern America for the universal good. They are still capitalists of the old dispensation, with what the term implies of acquisitiveness of spirit and conservatism of institutions.

The Democrats in office are infinitely wider in their vision, with a keen sense of the trend of the times, genuine social generosity, a persistent aspiration for social justice, innumerable, magnificent, and utterly unprecedented efforts to help the unprivileged and reëstablish the balance that was lost since the Jeffersonian Dream. Their ultimate goal is selfless. If not even their most fervent well-wisher can condone their recklessness in expenditure, their incompetence in administration, their deplorable political favoritism and spoils system, which show as yet no symptoms of reform, it is nevertheless wiser and more encouraging to put one's trust in them. For what they need is a change of methods, while the Republicans need a change of intellect and character—a process which is appallingly difficult, slow and dubious. This nation cannot afford to wait so long and to take such risks.

Besides the Republican Elephant and the Democratic Donkey, now turned out to wander up and down the vast jungles and pastures of America, several small animals have invaded the scene. . . . As to what rider the majority will choose, my bet is on Mr. Roosevelt, for he is the only Santa Claus the exploited and the disinherited of this stupendous country have ever had.

The Rhythm of the Dynamo

THE author of the following observations on America and Americans, Paul Claudel, was for six years the French Ambassador to the United States. Mr. Claudel's article comes from the *Paris Soir*, French conservative daily.

There is in the American temperament a quality which they express over there by the word *resiliency*. I know of no exact equivalent in French, for the word sug-

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gests at once elasticity, energy, resourcefulness and good humor. A young woman loses her money: without a word of complaint she at once begins to wash dishes and make hats. A student will not think it a disgrace to put in several hours a day working in a garage or a restaurant. I have seen America at the end of Hoover's presidency, at one of the most tragic periods of her history, when all the banks had closed and economic life had come to a standstill. Anxiety gripped the people's hearts, but gaiety and confidence lighted up every face. Hearing their remarks, you would have said that it was all a huge joke.

The great strength of a man over there lies in his feeling the solid earth under his feet, and in his having space at his disposal. He is a citizen and—I was going to say—a stockholder in a great country, a huge enterprise whose security is nowhere threatened, whose potentialities still exceed its immense resources, and where the most severe crises are looked upon as no more than picturesque accidents. Experience does not have in America the same meaning as in Europe. It is not a matter of wisdom won from the past but of an adventure with the future, of a wholly fresh engagement with a partner whose performance has always exceeded his promises. The American needs horizons, and he needs to be surrounded by friends. And then forward! Once again he commences to hear the fife and drum, and his feet begin to move in time with the music.

Clear through American life you feel this nervous rhythmical beat, like the pistons of a steam engine interrupting the cyclical continuous roar of the dynamo. Jazz is the highest supreme expression of it. One must not forget that during the nineteenth century America was the receptacle and the backstop of that ancient movement which draws human material across the channels of the country of valleys which is Europe and sends it on in the direction of the sun, that is to say, from East to West. The Ocean was dried up under the feet of the migrants, and the 'trekking' continued beyond it, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. And then it jolly well had to stop, and, not being able to continue in a straight line, the movement was transformed into eddies. Everyone began to turn and dance. One, two! One, two! One, two! The people have scarcely sat down to table than they feel ants in their pants and begin to dance, old and young alike. Sundays there is a vortex of automobiles around the big cities. The movies are a kind of visual 'shimmy' which shakes us in our seats. The regularity of business life, fed by the subways which at rhythmical intervals carry a whole people to and from the offices and factories, all this makes a kind of huge musical composition, conducted under the baton of an orchestra leader. The monotony of the work in the great American factories has been condemned as intolerable slavery. But what is more regular and more monotonous than dancing?

Thus mass production, straight-line production, is carried on to the tune of collective music in which, among the incessant repeats, a practised ear could perhaps make out a phrase. And from the midst of this singing and vociferating all the products of human ingenuity issue in continuous waves. That uniform and nasal twang which strikes the foreigner as sharply in American music as it does in American speech is the color which is needed to drown all the modifications in a continuous dissonance, to banish everything which does not contribute to the single rhythm, to the progress of a world incapable of immobility and of silence, the victim of a kind of social and industrial Pyrrhic dance!

I SHOULD not like to expose myself to being accused of whimsicality if I say that in America the 'disinterested occupations' have taken on the same concentric and collective form, so to speak, as the industrial production. Middle class Americans have a horror of solitude—doubtless a re-

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action against the enormous stores of space and emptiness their continent, so rich in deserts, supplies them with. They gather in enormous communities, in swarms heaped and superposed around certain favorable sites. They will never have to take out insurance against solitude. And when they want to amuse themselves, to obtain from movement an accentuated and in some degree a rhythmic consciousness of themselves, they eagerly incorporate themselves into one of those great roaring dynamos which are an athletic stadium, a public parade, a banquet, a professional convention, a ball, a picnic, a mass excursion.

This is the explanation of spectacles like that which so astonished Parisians in 1927, when they saw the 10,000 visitors of the American Legion march down the Champs Élysées in barbaric costumes which we should not have dared to wear even at the Mardi Gras. The military organizations of each state, known as the National Guard, distinguished themselves in this regard by their unbridled and amazing inventiveness. There were busbies, Polish caps, three-decker caps, extravagant plumes and plumage, epaulettes, braid, uniforms lifted out of a mad dream by one of those color drunks a certain Mexican root produces. For the feather headdress of the former redskins many substitutes have been found. No one who has not been to Washington and seen, marching past the newly elected President, one of those processions in which each society tries to outdo the other in the extravagance of its get-up can possibly understand to what extremes simple souls can push the desire to escape nonentity by means of hubbub, numbers, and automatic movement. I hear again the braying of the military music, see those cohorts of serious dafties coming up endlessly one after another, and, in the center, no one knows why, under the icy rain of March, a chap completely naked, on horseback!

Over there also you find a taste for the custom of holding enormous banquets at which people pretend to enjoy themselves with huge gulps of ice water and those insipid, juicy and, they say, already more than half-digested foods which the ancient Romans put aside as offerings to the dwellers in Hell. Diplomats are frequently invited as 'distinguished guests,' as exotic curiosities, idiotic but decorative flower pots.

What mournful memories these gatherings evoke, despite the sympathy and good will with which they overflow! It is with particular bitterness that I recall the ladies' banquets at which I often had the boldness to be the sole representative of my sex. I remember one of those festivities where the president was wearing on her shoulder a long ribbon on which twenty pins represented the ladder of her ancestors up to the coming of the *Mayflower*. When she was on the point of granting me my liberty, she enveloped me with a long look which made me shudder. She had the voracious and yet calculating eye of a cannibal queen sizing up in terms of rump and sirloin the sailor misfortune has cast upon her shores.

'Well, Mr. Ambassador,' she said, 'I think you are very eligible. We will invite you again!' *Oh! la la* . . .

But, on the other hand, I should be unjust if I forgot to say that not all gatherings are on this model. There are some which are full of life, of gaiety and of humor, like those of the Gridiron Club, where the Washington journalists gently but wittily josh the authorities, who consider it an honor and a pleasure to attend and to take part in the antics. . . .

But I should not like the innocent little jests which have gone before to obscure my true feelings. The complete absence of spitefulness, the simplicity, the fundamental honesty, the good will which are the characteristics of America, and above all that sincere sympathy one feels, at least that one used to feel, over there for everything French, are priceless qualities, and I have retained a profoundly grateful memory of them.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Ace Morality

Sagittarius Rising. *By Cecil Lewis. London: Peter Davies. 1936.*

(George Bernard Shaw in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THIS is a book which everybody should read. It is the autobiography of an ace, and of no common ace, either. We are all much concerned just now with the danger of being bombed, gassed, and burnt alive, women, children and all, with our water and electricity cut off when we have become helplessly dependent on them. Well, the hand that can release these judgments on us is the hand of the ace. And the ace may be a lad of seventeen. Indeed, it is not clear that such an age limit is necessary. The late Sir Horace Plunkett learnt to fly when he was over eighty, having been recommended to take mountain air for sleeplessness. I believe I could have taken a plane into the air and released a bomb when I was fifteen.

Under such circumstances the moral training of our lads might be expected to rouse some concern or at least some curiosity. Apparently it is not even thought worth mentioning. When Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State for War in their great rearmament speeches proposed the enlistment and training of several thousand youths to rain destruction on the capital cities of the world, it never occurred to them to give any particulars as to the course of Diabolonian education which is to fit them for a delight and pride in this new and very startling department of human activity. How are we to test and select for the requisite high spirits, sense of mischievous humor, and moral irresponsibility which must go to make a boy ready to convert a City of God (more or less) into a City of Destruction?

Mr. Lewis solved that problem for himself without any misgivings. At the age of sixteen he found himself so 'air minded' that he transferred himself from his famous public school to the Flying Corps in the spring of 1915 without consulting anyone. Now, if the public school had been Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby or the like, Mr. Lewis would have been a ready-made Diabolonian. But it was not; it was Oundle—Oundle under Sanderson the Great, who cordially agreed with me as he showed me round the scene of his triumphs that Eton and all the rest of them should be razed to the ground and their foundations sown with salt. Thus Mr. Lewis had a quite special Sandersonian-Wellsian pacifist schooling. His father was and is a distinguished sky pilot, not a bomber, but one who has never left the ground, nor rained anything but sermons on his fellow-creatures. The boy was not the usual young public school Caliban whom nothing can tame or humanize: he had all the noble tastes and qualities, love of nature, love of beauty, love of poetry, soaring imagination, and physical gifts that eventually carried him to a height of 6 feet 4 inches, with a brilliant endowment of good looks. In short, one of the best, perhaps the very best, of all the recruits of 1915. He could have won his Military Cross and his promotions on his appearance alone.

As a matter of fact, he won them by committing all the atrocities of air warfare with an enjoyment that lasted until his demobilization with unbroken nerve and unscathed limbs at the end of the war. He had a charmed life in every sense of the word. And throughout it all he never disliked a German except for twenty minutes on a black night when the Gothas were bombarding London, and somebody he loved was on the ground beneath. That brought on a fit of

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berserker fury in which he deserted his defensive post and plunged vengefully into the thick of our own anti-aircraft barrage in search of a Gotha to bring down. But the Gothas eluded him in the darkness; and the fit passed very quickly.

AND now comes the test question. How did the exceptional humanity of this prince of pilots react to the demand for atrocities made upon him by his duties? As it happened he was never a bomber. He won his cross on observation patrol, which needs daring, intelligence, reckless exposure to Archies, but has not slaughter for its direct object. In the second phase of his service, which was offensive patrol, he was a duelist, guiltless of the blood of women, children, and civilians. It was, as he puts it, Hector and Achilles, a battle of champions, fought in flying chariots with machine guns instead of Homeric spears. So far, nothing unpardonably Diabolonian.

Unfortunately, there was one incident which spoils the chivalrous picture. It reminds me of something that happened to myself one evening many years before the war. One cheerless evening, walking through Battersea Park, I came upon a vast ruin that had old associations for me. It was one of those enormous glass structures that came into vogue in the middle of last century with Paxton's Crystal Palace, originally the Hyde Park Exhibition.

These monsters were as movable as bird cages. One of them appeared during my boyhood in Dublin as an exhibition building on the site now occupied by the Catholic University. It was taken away to England, where it was re-named The Albert Palace; and, after what wanderings I know not, got finally stranded and abandoned in Battersea Park, where it confronted me in the dusk like a ghost from my nonage.

There was something spectral and tragic about it; for all Battersea's boys had thrown all Battersea's stones (there were stones in the streets in those macadamized days) at its million panes, leaving nothing unshattered save its monstrous and miserable skeleton. You can imagine with what bitter reflections on the wanton destructiveness of my species I passed on.

Suddenly an unbroken pane of glass caught my eye. It was irresistible. I believe I should have been shying stones at that pane to this day if the appearance of a park-keeper and the dignity of my professional position had not forced me to pass along harmlessly with every fiber of my being crying out against leaving that pane unshattered.

To return to Mr. Lewis. He was in the sky on a bloodless observation patrol contemplating a desolated terrain over which the tides of war had swept in and out. I had a glimpse of it myself in 1917, when, sightseeing round the Front, I found places where villages had been with nothing left of them but a prostrate signpost with a name on it, or a wheelwright's emplacement showing through the snow. Mr. Lewis's reflections were no less somber, his generalizations no less tragic, than mine in Battersea Park. The pilot in him sublimated into the poet and philosopher, as so often happened to him in the empyrean.

Suddenly he noticed a solitary house that had not been demolished. His observer saw it, too. And the same strange call of nature gripped them both. They had no bombs: bombing was not their business, nor was their machine equipped for carrying or launching any such projectile. No matter: they returned to their station, wangled a bomb, shipped it at great risk of being blown to pieces by it, and returned to hover over the dwelling that war at its worst had spared. Lewis brought all his mental powers into play to insure a direct hit. He calculated his height, his distance, his speed and that of the wind with a conscientiousness which made success mathematically certain; and at his word the observer managed to heave the

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bomb overboard, again at considerable risk of its resenting such improper manhandling by a premature explosion.

THE story lacks its tragic consummation. The house stands to this day presumably; and the pit dug in the earth by the bomb a mile or two away has long since been filled up. But the page from the real psychology of war remains. Mr. Lewis, like all sane men, loathes war. Nobody could sing more fervently than he: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that bring the gospel of peace!' But he had a shot at that house all the same. Had the war lasted another month he would have bombed Berlin. So should I, I suppose, had I been in his place. Mr. Lewis has a good deal to say about it, and says it very well; for he is a thinker, a master of words, and a bit of a poet. But there are the facts at first hand. The funniest passage in the book deals with the disappearance from the dinner table of two of his messmates who were smashed by one of our own shells. The passage is: 'The battery rang up to apologize.' Why must we laugh? Because, I suppose, if we took war seriously we should all go mad.

Some people like war. There is to all of us a side that likes it. We should provide for the gratification of that liking as a sport, even if we have to suppress its political exploitation. It could be done every year on Salisbury Plain. And as there is no fun in poison gas, and mechanized warfare has reduced courage to absurdity, we might reconsider Fielding's remark that battles might be fought just as well with fists as with musketry.

Mr. Lewis was clearly not deficient in natural tenderness. He was apparently always in love with some lady; and it cannot be doubted that many ladies were always in love with him. Touching these matters with an admirable delicacy, he never tells us that it was not always the same lady; but as his heart was broken again and again by tragic partings seen dimly through his vein of poetry, one may suspect him of inconstancy, but not accuse him of indiscretion or insensibility.

[Sagittarius Rising *is scheduled for publication in America on October 15 by Harcourt, Brace and Company, at $2.50.*]

Refashioning Democracy

ANARCHIE OU HIÉRARCHIE. *By Salvador de Madariaga. Paris: Gallimard. 1936.*

(Francis Bourgin in the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

THE BOOK which Mr. de Madariaga has just published, *Anarchy or Hierarchy*, is, the author tells us, the fruit of reflections upon which he had been engaged ever since November, 1933, when the Sorbonne Institute for Research on the French Revolution asked him to talk on that subject at the opening lecture of his course.

Mr. de Madariaga, who has long been a representative of the Spanish Republic in Paris and at Geneva, is, like Briand and Beneš, one of those democratically-minded Europeans who dream of refashioning present-day Europe. Having watched the rise and development of 'all the forces which were converging against liberal democracy,' having seen freedom waning, he is now considering the possibility, after shelving the obsolete parts of yesterday's liberal democracy, of salvaging and reorganizing the democracy of tomorrow.

In criticizing liberal democracy, Mr. de Madariaga feels it necessary to review, with every scruple advanced by intellectual honesty, the axioms and postulates upon which it is based. In all these postulates, he states, there has always existed a broad gulf between theory and practice, the latter warped by the passion and self-interest with which the 'average citizen,' public opinion, has invested it. Liberty? Once defined by Rousseau and Montesquieu, it is now for most people (who no longer feel any need for it) nothing but 'an unbearable burden under which they stagger.' Equality? That concept, 'sim-

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plified and exaggerated,' has transformed the legitimate struggle against social privileges into an antagonism toward natural privileges and inequalities; whence the universal leveling down of standards under which we labor; whence, too, the tendency to submit to the judgment of the people—since democracy is based upon popular sovereignty—the 'complex questions which are far beyond its capacity.'

There is an equal confusion of ideas in other fields: for instance, the capitalist is no longer, as he was at first conceived as being, 'an active producer of wealth,' but, as often as not, merely a passive holder of money which, in its turn, represents nothing more than 'credit counters;' in the realm of labor, 'everything that does not belong to the worker' seems to him 'ill-gotten wealth, bourgeois spoils, theft.' This gives rise to class resentment, some of it unjust, against 'all those whose manner of living is not strictly proletarian,' while the truth is that the 'members of the middle class are just as much victims of the evils of the capitalistic system as those of the working class.'

These attitudes explain existing practices, which inevitably lead to the decay of a liberal democratic society. Among the élite 'you will rarely find the intellectuals capable of keeping an unbiased attitude' on the subject of Capitalism and Socialism. The growing complexity of the problems has caused professionalism to invade the ground of politics and to eliminate 'the citizen himself as an active element.' And so the sovereignty which is supposed to reside in the people is transferred to obscure and politically irresponsible specialists.

Thus we see politics invaded by the world of industry and finance—an invasion which is still more in evidence in liberal democracies. The workers' forces having been goaded into resistance by the capitalist forces, the two armies are in a 'constant state of civil war,' to the great detriment of the nation as a whole. Unemployment, born of badly organized production, has resulted in the creating of subsidies the effects of which are as deplorable for the individual as for society. As for the Bank,—and it is futile to dwell upon the indirect and illicit influences which it exerts,—that irresponsible force is in a position to dominate the life of the nations. Furthermore its powers are being constantly increased by the amazing growth of national solidarity—not, however, in the domain of ideas but in that of 'material interests.' Economics internationalized serve only to aggravate national crises. Finally certain press and publicity organizations which have been taken over by private interests 'are exercising powers which are, in fact, superior to those of governments and parliaments.'

All this leads to the 'degeneration' of the institutions of democracy. Yet we must not conclude from this that we should renounce these weapons of political freedom, upon which the principle of democracy has been built. But this is the time to attempt to reshape them; and that is the task undertaken in the second part of the substantial study which is *Anarchy or Hierarchy*.

UPON what principles, then, should we found and organize democracy? Mr. de Madariaga takes, first of all, a firm stand against the attempts of many dictatorships to justify themselves by asserting that they are 'putting the nation above the individual.' For him the State has no right to set itself up as an end in itself. The individual is indissolubly bound to society; but while the State is authorized to limit individual liberties for the purpose of preserving society, it still cannot be considered as anything but a 'function of the citizens who compose it and who have the final claim to consideration.' Man is an end unto himself for the simple reason that there is nothing else that may even hope to take his place.

A number of consequences follow from this fact: the necessity of finding a mean

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between freedom and authority in order to avoid the two extremes of anarchy and slavery; the necessity of making it possible for the State to intervene when its citizens' passions constitute a menace to the liberties of others. Mr. de Madariaga makes a detailed analysis to show that the closer that mean is to freedom and the further it is from authority, the greater is the benefit derived by the State itself. For without freedom of thought the State is bound to degenerate—a natural result of unlimited power.

The fact remains that if the State can prosper only if individual freedom is preserved, still it has the right to fix the limits of this freedom. And the author does not recoil before the suggestion that citizenship be granted only to those who show themselves worthy as well as desirous of it—a suggestion which is sure to be much discussed. Thus is established an aristocracy in the pure sense of the word. But is it not the same as that which governed Liberal England or that which now guides the destinies of Soviet Russia?

With all due deference to economic freedom, the author feels that the State ought likewise to defend itself against the encroachment of private interests, which, although indispensable to the life of the State, are not justified in their exaggerated form. Though Mr. de Madariaga puts it somewhat differently, the problem is to give the State the necessary authority without injuring individual freedom. He proposes a system which seems to him to preserve the advantages of the totalitarian State while eliminating the danger to freedom inherent in that form of government: the true Republic, the essentially unanimous democracy, that is to say, a democracy which embraces both the working and the middle classes. The explanation of the methods involved takes up the last pages of the book.

First of all, a clear-cut separation must be effected between the economic and the political functions of the State. The former would devolve upon a National Directing Council. The industries or services under the jurisdiction of the economic State would be united in a corporative body, in which the respective participation of the workers, technicians and directors would have to be determined. Mr. de Madariaga makes a study of the separate functions of national and private interests, and envisages a corporative Chamber whose activity would be strictly limited.

Above the economic State there would be the political State, in which citizenship would be restricted, though in no way violating the principle of popular sovereignty. Precautions would be taken to insure Government stability, so that the political Chamber which would elect it would not be able to bring about its overthrow without referring back to the electorate. The Government would be made up of the Ministerial council, the National Economic Council, elected in a way designed to insure the greatest possible independence from political interference, and, lastly, the President of the Republic, who, however, would not be allowed to keep any monarchical privileges.

There remain the problems of international adjustment and the federation of national economies. Mr. de Madariaga envisages their progressive solution by the creation of international bodies in such fields as, for example, aviation, fuel, maritime transportation, grain distribution, etc. These would, however, be modified by supplementary organizations created upon a national basis.

These examples, chosen at random from among many others, which are worked out in detail, will perhaps suffice to show what a wealth of suggestions and ideas is stored in Mr. de Madariaga's book. Although written in a language that is at times arduous, *Anarchy or Hierarchy* is a model of close-knit thinking and of intellectual honesty. It is a precious contribution to the vast workshop of organizations working for peace among nations and their citizens.

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The Population Program

World Population. *By A. M. Carr-Saunders. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1936.*

(Harold J. Laski in the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester)

THIS book has all the merits we expect from its author. It is a careful and sober survey, based upon a comprehensive view of the latest available evidence, of the great problem with which it deals. If it contains little new information and no original theory, that has not been the kind of book Professor Carr-Saunders set himself to write. He has been concerned to state what the issue is; and the admirable clarity of his analysis should certainly lead to that fuller information which is so urgently required.

What is the essence of the problem? Dr. Kuczynski, the highest living authority on the question, estimates that in 1770 the population of Europe was about 152,000,000; today it is somewhere round 500,000,000. The comparable figures for the remaining continents show a growth both as impressive and as significant. But what has happened in recent times is the conquest of the white world by voluntary family limitation, with the result that most white countries now confront the issue of a declining population. Measures are even being taken in this country to counteract the decrease; and it is not impossible that the next generation will see a conscious population policy take the foremost place among the considerations which move governments to action.

Professor Carr-Saunders summarizes all the materials which enable us to guess at the influences at work—emigration, colonies, the forces which determine the death-rate, and so on. What emerges as the central principle running through the whole? The reader of his book will, I think, be tempted to conclude that it is a psychological consideration which, in its turn, is rooted in the economic environment to which it is relevant.

From this angle the most interesting chapter in the book is the discussion of the Jewish birth-rates in Palestine. Professor Carr-Saunders points out that, New York apart, the Jews of the Diaspora have a lower birth-rate than the people among whom they live; and he presents strong evidence for the view that this is almost wholly due to birth-control. But where the Jew emigrates to Palestine, his birth-rate appears to be higher than it is in the country from which he came. Why? Because, Professor Carr-Saunders thinks, 'in Palestine they are coöperating in an endeavor which gives them hope and confidence; moreover, their hope is to repeople their former home.' And he concludes that 'if the reproduction rate is to become a replacement rate,' it is probable that 'people must be brought deliberately to found families as a contribution to a society in whose future they have confidence, and in whose ideals they find inspiration.'

It is difficult, in short, not to conclude that the way out of the population tangle lies through economic policies which offer security to men and women of such a kind that provision for children does not mean a burden on their own material well-being. Unless this security is present it is doubtful whether any government policy will effect any radical general change in the rate of reproduction. Parents will not have children if their birth and upbringing are an economic handicap; and Governments in search of a population policy must in the long run adjust their ideas to that postulate as the starting-point. It is a view amply borne out by the experience of America in the nineteenth century; hope and confidence peopled a continent because parents could confront the future, as they thought, without misgiving. It is not improbable, too, that Soviet Russia will have a similar tale to unfold in the twentieth century if war does not intervene. The changed attitude of the Soviet Government to birth-control and abortion is highly significant in this regard. The security of a national life, in a word, de-

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pends upon whether the State-system satisfies the aspirations of its citizens in terms of their legitimate material expectations.

The reader of Professor Carr-Saunders's pages will find ample and illuminating material upon this and its cognate themes. The one thing missing in the book whose absence I regret is a full discussion of the result upon population of the decline in religious authority. The adjustments the Churches have been driven to make in the last generation are a theme upon which we cannot, for the understanding of social problems, have too much light.

[World Population, *by A. M. Carr-Saunders, will be published in America by the Oxford University Press, New York.*]

Fiction or Fact?

Der Kampf um die Weltmacht Baumwolle. *By Anton Zischka. Leipzig: Wilhelm Goldmann Verlag. 1935.*

(Emil Ludwig in the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris)

TIME and again my literary friends are startled when I assure them that I do not read their novels. Again and again they write new novels: I do it myself once every eight or ten years. My friends, to whom these words are directed, cannot understand that it is contemporary documents which stir the imagination of the present epoch, and that it is only such documents which can set true imagination going. Why were the deeply moving blunders of the west, the grandiose deeds of the east, fictionized instead of being reported? Has any imaginative novel been published in the last twenty years which did not, in the sunlight of events, shine dim as the pale moon by day? One could exclude two or three War books, but these were directed toward the past, and in their beauty were really documents.

Last night I read a book containing what at once stirs and educates the people of our time: *The Struggle for the World Power of Cotton*, written by an amateur, of course, like all good books dealing with science. Not being a professor, and not being an expert, the author recognizes with unprejudiced eye the symbol in what stirs him. There may be a few mistakes; if one knows an individual corner of the subject too well and goes at it with a searchlight, one will find them. What does it matter!

How many novels are contained in such a book! How much inspiration for young people, how much instruction for the philosopher in us, proof for the enemy of war, humor for the sarcastic critic, how many novel chapters recited with fire or with a smile, accusing, critical, and as a result constructive! How much the imagination gains from the reading of documents so clearly conceived and presented! Only poetic spirits feel the parable in daily happenings.

If I seek more, if I want what my friends seek in novels, then I turn to the string quartet, which surpasses the efforts of all our novelists.

Rebellion in Chile

Das Grosse Abenteuer. *By Theodor Plivier. Amsterdam: Allert de Lange. 1936.*

(Werner Türk in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague)

THEODOR PLIVIER had an adventurous youth. He tramped through the countries of South America, and from the colorful stock of experiences he brought back home he wrought the exotic short stories with which he made his literary début.

Since then a decade has gone by. During that time Plivier wrote *The Kaiser's Coolies*, a War book filled with dynamite, and the revolutionary chronicle *The Kaiser Goes, the Generals Remain.* He then thought of his period of vagabondage and wrote *The Great Adventure*, a work full of exotic imagination, stirring in its dramatic scenes. In it the people of Chile are not the only characters: the natural dangers of the long narrow country play their part—the glaring sun

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beating down on the nitrate pampas; the earthquakes, time and again demolishing the small cities along the coast of the Cordilleras; the raging, sand-laden hurricanes; and the sudden downpours when the water, gathering in dried-out hollows, cascades down the mountain walls and inundates the harbor towns. In this poor plagued land live a down-trodden people, who are oppressed by the money powers in the faraway land of the Yankees, held down and lied to by their own masters, both civil and military, and exposed, defenseless, to the natural dangers of Chile.

Plivier spent four years in South America. A biographical study by the Soviet poet Sergei Tretyakoff reports that Plivier set out on a fishing trip from the little town of Hunin, accompanied by an Indian called Kacimba. From their fishing boat they hurled harpoons into the swordfish, who go raging mad when attacked, and ram the boats with their sharp swords. Plivier (who fascinatingly describes such a bold expedition in his *Great Adventure*) caught forty full-grown swordfish. 'He was a skilled fisherman,' Tretyakoff says. 'But soon he was seized with longing; he left Kacimba and went to Pisagua. There, the very first night, he was taken to the *calabuso*, the police station, along with the sailors caught in the streets after curfew. This arrangement was a source of income for the local police, for the next morning the captains were in the habit of calling to bail out their men. No one bailed out Plivier, the tramp. But Don Arturo, the prefect, took a liking to him and offered him a position as interpreter. . . . From Kacimba and Don Arturo came Plivier's greatest anarchist short story, *El Niño*.'

BOTH these characters play leading rôles in this great novel. The prefect of police, Don Arturo (whose life, in the early short story, ended in suicide), has grown into a Fascist who is shot by the rebels. This Don Arturo, in his human-animal way, is at the same time bull and bull-fighter; he is one of the most vivid and interesting characters Plivier has ever created. Kacimba, too (called Atchasso in this work), has changed. Unforgettable social experiences, above all the news of Russia's October Revolution and the study of the writings of Marx and Lenin, have transformed the anarchist rebel into a determined revolutionary. He organizes the emaciated *rotos* of the nitrate pampas, hops along the coast from boat to boat, mobilizes the hearts and brains of the fishermen—for a social earthquake is about to occur.

The rebellion breaks out. In a number of Chilean cities (the year is 1931) Soviets are proclaimed; but the isolated revolutionary fires are stamped out by the Dictator, Davila. The flames of the still youthful workers' organizations have not yet been united, but they will go on smoldering in the country. The oppressed have become aware of the potentialities of united action. They have learned to distinguish friend from foe. Klaus, the German working-class boy, the pupil of Atchasso, a little vagabond who stowed away to South America on a windjammer, has learned from the unexpected great adventure, too. He returns to Germany. The experiences acquired abroad will enable him to fight the Fascist tyrants of his Fatherland.

The internal and external struggles of Atchasso and of his young German protégé are in part autobiographical. They mirror the development of Plivier himself, who has lived much and suffered much and who has worked hard at his own political development. For almost everything in his new novel he has rendered full payment: by endangering his life, by physical want, by the pangs of conscience. Plivier has written an adventure novel in which the romance of the sea and the exotic quality of the tropics are happily married to realistic presentations of social and political struggles. Thus one might place Plivier's novel with a clear conscience in the hands of the young. But it is not only young people who will read the book with

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suspense and become maturer through it; for *The Great Adventure* is a school of anti-Fascism, of Socialism—but a school without benches, teachers' desks or formulas, a school as colorful and full of passionately dark and heroically bright life as were the years the German working-class boy spent on the sea and in Chile.

[The Kaiser's Coolies *has been published by Alfred A. Knopf*, The Kaiser Goes, the Generals Remain *by The Macmillan Company*, both of New York.]

A Lonely Sail

A Lonely Sail Gleams White at Sea. *By Valentin Katayev. Moscow: Krasnaya Nov. 1936.*

(E. Troshchenko in the *Izvestia*, Moscow)

IN THE opening pages of Katayev's latest novel (*A Lonely Sail Gleams White at Sea*) the reader is introduced to a small family, consisting of a father and two boys. They are leaving the seashore, where they have been spending the summer—the summer of 1905. The very first passages, Petya's farewell to the garden and the sea, the descriptions of the scenery around him, the mood of half-anxious, half-joyous anticipation, give the reader an insight into the character and tone of the novel.

The revolution of 1905 stamps Petya's childhood with many strangely romantic images; they are not always understandable, but they are always vivid and exciting. For instance: 'The mysterious vision of the mutinied battleship once glimpsed far out at sea.' Soon this 'vision' becomes for the boy a reality. A chance encounter plunges him into an amazing adventure, and the author makes this the center of his plot. The coach in which our peaceable passengers—Petya, his father, and his little brother—are traveling is stopped by a mounted policeman, and it comes out that the police are ranging the countryside looking for a sailor who had escaped from the *Potemkin*. The reader is ready for what follows, and so is not surprised when the hunted sailor suddenly takes refuge in Petya's coach. From that time on the sailor, Rodion Zhukov, plays an increasingly important part in Petya's life. He makes further, and equally sudden, appearances throughout the book, and his presence is constantly felt. But here another character enters: Petya's friend, the fisherman's little boy, Gavrik.

The picture of Gavrik is very successfully drawn. His grandfather's sole helper, already familiar with poverty and hard work, a fledgling of the streets, Gavrik has a strength of character which is amazing in a ten-year-old child. He cleverly and cautiously answers the questions of the spy who is looking for traces of the escaped sailor. He stands his ground when a policeman, enraged by his failure to apprehend Zhukov, beats him up and arrests his father. He is a courageous boy, with 'fisherman's pride,' a true little fighter and yet, at the same time, only a little boy. In him there are none of the traits of premature adulthood, of odious precocity.

Not only Gavrik but his whole family is excellently done: the old grandfather, Gavrik's brother Terentii, and Terentii's little daughter, the last a figure well known to all who remember the pre-Revolutionary countryside—a pale little girl with short hair and 'tiny turquoise earrings in her ears,' who takes the place of a mother with the younger children and helps in the house. She is only an episodic figure, a minor character, and yet with what care, in what warm, tender tones, is she drawn!

IF GAVRIK is a little fighter, Petya is a little artist, keenly conscious of nature's beauties, happily aware of every object, every event, about him. The reader will notice the special character of Katayev's descriptive passages, which are very detailed and concrete, the vividness of his landscapes, the bright and fresh coloring of the novel as a whole. It is Petya's character, his mental processes, that de-

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termine Katayev's style. This painting-like quality was always characteristic of his work, but never before was it as highly developed as it is in this novel. We have never noticed what an excellent 'landscape painter' Katayev is, and yet he perhaps is the only one of all our writers who could produce these lines, so memorable, so vivid, so full of sunshine.

In *A Lonely Sail Gleams White at Sea* there is a great deal of description of everyday life, mostly connected with Petya and his family. This description is lively, characteristic and humorous. Petya's life at home, his relationship with his father and his aunt, the Christmas scandal, when it comes out that his little brother has 'sampled' all the cookies, his entrance into high-school—all this is told gaily and interestingly. As a matter of fact, in this novel everything is successful. The work as a whole is harmonious, is executed with taste and with a feeling for moderation in structure and style. It is free from the artificial, paradoxical similes and the too frequent metaphors for which Katayev was once—and justly—reproached. Yet it is full of romanticism: for his title the author uses the line from Lermontov's poem which everyone associates with his childhood days. In the final scene, when Gavrik and Petya take their last look at their beloved wherry as it goes out to sea with the escaped Zhukov on board, the reader recalls, with the author; those lovely lines, so full of ineffable charm.

In a time like ours, when so much that is written is bad, this modest (though by no means easy), this original and well-executed work is indeed something to rejoice over.

A Surrealist Novel

The Amaranthers. *By Jack B. Yeats. London: Heinemann. 1936.*

(Herbert Read in the *Spectator*, London)

THIS novel was published some months ago, but there was little or no recognition of its very special qualities. I can well appreciate the feelings of the reviewer who, picking his way through the weekly bazaar of fiction, let this volume slide through his nimble fingers. To begin with, there is what a friend of mine who is also the brother of a very distinguished author calls *the brother taboo*. The son of a famous father may struggle into independent recognition, for time is on his side. But brothers run equal, and the reviewer, seeing such a name on the cover, would (contrary to the expectation of the publisher) pass it by. He knows (for he is no biologist) that it is the remotest chance in the world that out of one family should emerge two literary geniuses.

Then, as the blurb puts it in its damning way, 'Mr. Jack B. Yeats . . . is better known as a painter than as a writer.' Painters, the reviewer would unconsciously argue, have sometimes written interesting memoirs, but never good novels. If he flecked over the pages he would discover that the book was a solid whole—273 pages without a chapter-heading, and next to no conversation. But if he had read the first sentence, I think he would have gone on:—

'A young woman with a yellow mop head, short hair, with glossy, duck-neck green and violet tinges, was looking out of a top window on an island, an only-just island—for there never was a time when even at the lowest ebb, there wasn't a trickle of salt water threading its way between the land where the lady dwelt and the larger land, where numerous other stupid people with bands lived.'

It may not be the King's English, but surely there is a compelling freshness about such writing. And Mr. Yeats keeps it up the whole way through. There is not a dull or tired patch in the book; merely as prose it has a brightness and originality such as we have not seen since *Ulysses* was published. It seems that the Irish are destined to redeem our language from an academic death.

That the book does not fit into a recognized category of fiction is another likely

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excuse for neglecting it. It is not a straight story—it is not even a comic strip. It is just mad, the reviewer might feel. It is at this point that he would reveal the poverty of our literary life. We have no literary *life*. We have a vast commercial organization—our publishing system; we have equally commercial libraries and bookshops; and we have our journals, which feed from this commercial machine but are indifferent to the emergence of new and unattended shoots of art and literature. Our real need is for more consciousness and mutuality among our poets and painters, so that from their sympathetic activities, their movements, a wider public consciousness might grow and learn to place the individual work in a coherent frame of reference.

Mr. Yeats's novel reminds me as much as anything of the work of a French writer like Philippe Soupault. If we had a developed consciousness, a movement such as the *surréaliste* movement in France, we should immediately 'place' *The Amaranthers*. Mr. Yeats would probably not thank a reviewer for calling him a surrealist; but that is in effect what he is. Let me justify such an unexpected statement by a further quotation (taken at hazard):—

'Pensamiento's mother awaited her son's return without tears. Her husband was not there to fuss her. He had fussed himself out of life ten years ago by challenging a swordsman, himself the poorest in the whole land; he insisted on fighting stripped to the waist, and so when he ran himself on the friend's sword, he died without soiling his personal linen. The doctor's lint was another matter. He left his shirt to his son. The mother, having hooked a low chair close to her with her foot, got her son sitting there. Then, with a long smooth hand she rubbed his forehead and said he had lost weight. She entertained him with some tea and biscuits, and a liqueur that was nearly black, she had it made to her own receipt. She liked, after she had taken a mouthful of it, to pop out her small sharp tongue and show her friend how black it was. "And yours are all the same," she would say, "all the black tongues sitting round."'

The book is a magnificent satire, an irrational and hilarious farce written with the greatest verve and wit. It may, at times, suffer a little from a particularly Irish kind of waggery, but even its grammar is transcendent. Neither the style nor the humor are the same as Sterne's, but I know no book which comes so close to the unique and immortal qualities of *Tristram Shandy*.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

FIRES UNDERGROUND: A NARRATIVE OF THE SECRET STRUGGLE CARRIED ON BY THE ILLEGAL ORGANIZATIONS IN GERMANY UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH. *By Heinz Liepmann. Translated by R. T. Clark. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company. 1936. 300 pages. $2.00.*

HAMBURG, Germany's great harbor city, is as different from Berlin as are Munich and Frankfort and the other southern cities of the Reich. Its people are a sober lot, taciturn, harsh, conscientious, strong-willed. In the history of the revolutionary labor movement Hamburg played an important part. Its workers were always with the radical Left. It was one of the first of German cities to elect a Socialist administration. All this is reflected in Heinz Liepmann's moving portrayal of labor's underground fight against Hitler rule.

Fires Underground makes no claim to historic accuracy. Though written in the first person, the narrator resembles the author only in his hostility to Fascist oppression and his desire to help his radical friends. The figures on whom the plot—what there is of plot—hinges are obviously fictitious, though some of them are recognizable as more or less accurate portraits of existing personages. Prominent characters, Nazi and labor leaders, well-known public officials and political figures, move in and out of the story under their right names, adding life and actuality to this vivid narrative. He takes us through the night of the Reichstag fire; through that period of anxious waiting when the workers wandered through the streets and haunted the rendezvous, waiting for the defection of the trade union leaders, through that tragic May 1st, 1933, through that dreadful period of blankness when, all lines of communication having broken down, no one knows whether the secret structure of the Party has survived, whether the last hope of reassembling the masses is gone forever. . . .

This is no story of horrors or atrocities. Only occasionally one catches a glimpse of the bloody terror that rests over the German people. The emphasis is rather on the indomitable spirit that carries on under unspeakable hardships, in the ingenuity, the sportsmanship, the intelligence, the comradeship, the courage and the daring of those young men and women who raise the flag of rebellion over the apathy of the masses and the cruelty of their oppressors. There is no spurious optimism. Treachery and cowardice find their rightful place. Ultimately they all—the plodding Otto, the jaunty Nickel, the fearless Fuerst and the sentimental Herbert—fall into the hands of the police and the S.A. troopers. There is terror and fear and death. There is treachery and weakness. But there is never defeat. . . .

—LUDWIG LORE

EUROPE AND EUROPEANS: A STUDY IN HISTORICAL PSYCHOLOGY AND INTERNATIONAL POLITICS. *By Count Carlo Sforza. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1936. 326 pages. $2.75.*

ROAD TO EXILE. *By Emilio Lussu. Translated by Mrs. Graham Rawson. With a preface by Wickham Steed. New York: Covici Friede. 1936. 238 pages. $2.50.*

THE FASCIST GOVERNMENT OF ITALY. *By Herbert W. Schneider. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company. 1936. 173 pages. $1.25.*

COUNT SFORZA'S work is a comprehensive and artistic panorama of the nations of Europe, as seen through their historic and diplomatic backgrounds, the personalities of their leaders and thinkers, and the psychology of their peoples as manifested in the twentieth century. The illuminating exposé of the affiliations and antagonisms between British, Germans, French, Italians, Spanish, Russians, Arabs and Jews is of inestimable value not only to the student of European affairs but especially to the layman, who, overwhelmed by the torrent of fast accumulating events, has neither time nor sufficient preparation to see things from a good vantage point and therefore risks losing sight of the forest for the trees. Count Sforza's long and brilliant diplomatic career has developed in him the necessary perspective and has given him a deep insight into the reasons for the tragic plight of Europe. The solution he suggests is therefore one to be seriously considered. It lies in European union.

According to him, present-day Europe is far less divided than was the Europe of 1914. The World War forged a connecting link between the peoples who fought it. The belligerent masses were led to death by means of slogans

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which both sides believed with equal good faith. Unfortunately, this process of similar thinking, this beginning of international consciousness, has been frustrated by the leaders, who are almost everywhere poisoned by, or in terror of, nationalism. The one ray of hope lies in the fact that thinking Europe has, for the first time, come to the realization that war is bad business and that nations must come to an understanding, for reason's sake, if not for love's.

Sforza reminds the self-styled exponents of *Real-Politik*—who scoff at the illusions of the idealists who believe that European union is possible and that another European war may be avoided—that for centuries slavery was believed to be a law of nature. Yet it has been suppressed, as have dueling and religious wars, because certain problems, once laid down, end by being solved. So it was with the nationalities of the nineteenth century, which were never meant to be an end unto themselves, but merely stepping-stones toward a wider European ideal. This ideal we must serve 'in our minds, in our souls, even more than in our treaties—or we shall perish.'

TO THE pessimistic reader, who may find Count Sforza's ideal too abstract and impractical, we recommend *Road to Exile*, the story of another Italian exile, a man of thought and action, symbol of the crushed modern European, in whom the best traditions of the nineteenth century have been enriched by the experiences of our times. Emilio Lussu, a young Sardinian barrister of real democratic faith, believed with the best youth of his generation that the World War was the last struggle between autocracy and democracy. He fought throughout the War, was made captain, was three times wounded and four times decorated for bravery on the battlefield. The War over, he was elected to Parliament, where he fought in order that the ideals for which millions of men had given their lives might prevail. Fascism came to power. He became the target of the Squadristi.

One night a column of Fascists attacked his house, crying 'Death to Lussu!' He killed one. Tried before Italian justice had been 'reformed,' he was acquitted on grounds of self-defence. Ten days later the Provincial Fascist Internment Commission sentenced him to five years' deportation to the Lipari Islands as a 'confirmed adversary' of the régime. His deportation was opposed by doctors on the ground that it would be fatal to his health, which had been impaired by the damp, bitter cold of his cell. 'He will die a natural death,' replied a Fascist chieftain, 'without our having to interfere!'

The story of his sojourn in the infernal island, the preparation and the attempts to escape on the part of the author and his friends make most thrilling reading. The author gained his freedom. Spiritually, he is stronger than ever. Physically, he is doomed. Tuberculosis is finishing the work Fascism began. However, Lussu has been able to tell his story; but his less fortunate friends are either slowly dying in Fascist prisons or carrying on the fight within the enemy's camp. Their struggle makes no news. They are the oppressed of today, the bulwark against the encroaching tides of darkness, the makers of the Europe of tomorrow.

The book is an historical document of first importance, for its bulk is a study of the Italian people—army and civilians—during the crucial years between 1918 and 1927. The author is little concerned with his own case; he uses it to link and to illustrate the events he tells.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER, professor of religion at Columbia University, offers young students of political science a brief work on *The Fascist Government of Italy*, 'confined to the description of how Fascism is working in Italy at present.' In his preface he wisely warns the reader that 'politics has always been three parts rhetoric and one part business . . . It is important, therefore, to look beyond the artistry of the politician's rhetoric, which captivates professors . . . [of politics].'

But a careful study of the book leads one to the conclusion that the author does not practise as well as he preaches. If he has not always been the victim of the Fascist 'politician's rhetoric,' he has most often been the victim of theory, corporative legislation, printed words and second-hand information for which he feels 'especially indebted to several [of his] colleagues at Columbia University and to officials of the Government and in the Confederations of Industrial Syndicates at Rome.' The nine-page bibliography consists mainly of official or semi-official Fascist publications, recommended as 'excellent guide,' 'most authoritative,' 'exceptionally interesting,' and includes two or three books by critics of Fascism, summarily labeled as suffering from

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'limitations,' or as containing 'passioned judgments.'

His sources and the poor knowledge which he shows of pre-Fascist Italy lead the author into serious contradictions and inaccuracies; for instance, the description of the spectacular achievements of the Fascist land reclamation campaign in Southern Italy is not corroborated by the gloomy picture of agriculture in the same region given in another part of the book. Croce and Ferrero, it is stated elsewhere, are some of the 'distinguished professors' who 'lost their chairs because of their refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the régime.' Croce and Ferrero have never been professors. Further, Mr. Schneider finds that 'the special militias existed before Fascism'! He also informs us that 'the Senate is a more respected body now than it was in democratic days,' although it is universally known that both Senate and Parliament have been stripped of authority. He mentions the removal and demotion in 1925 of all judges not favorable to Fascism and concludes that now 'the judiciary is a genuinely independent body in its judicial decisions.' In a summary of Government income and expenditures, he shows that expenditures in 1921–22 were 933 lire *per capita* while in 1933–34 they dropped to 597. It would have been only fair to inform young students that between 1919 and 1922 the democratic Government paid 69 billion lire of exceptional war expenses, which fell to 100 million in 1926.

That the author has done a good deal of reading on the theory of the Fascist State is indisputable. But he failed to study how far theory tallies with facts. He failed to see and to bring out that words are not deeds and that theory without practice is just so much paper.

—Michele Cantarella

The Dawn of a New Era, 1250–1453. *By Edward P. Cheyney. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1936. 389 pages. $3.75.*

PROFESSOR Cheyney of Pennsylvania University, the dean of European historians in America, has written the introductory volume of a new series in European history, edited by William L. Langer of Harvard. Some twenty books are planned, all of them by American scholars; it is obvious, from those already published, that the series possesses the characteristic faults of all such coöperative projects. The individual tasks embody no unifying viewpoint, and they are bound to be uneven in performance, ranging from the pedestrian or worse to the occasionally really brilliant volume. The announced list of authors indicates that the conservative position is more than adequately represented; while there is no one to speak for the radical point of view. Indeed, the volume on the French Revolution, which must be written by a Marxist to be properly interpreted, has been done by a religious mystic who is already beginning to experiment with the Fascist vocabulary.

Professor Cheyney is something of an anomaly, for he does not belong in the contemporary tradition but among that company of writers that has included Leslie Stephen and Lord Morley, among others. In short, he is a nineteenth century Liberal, in the best sense of that term; or, if we wish to go farther back in time, a child of the eighteenth century Enlightenment. His story is the dawn of modern capitalism and nationalism in Europe before the inauguration of the period of discovery and oversea expansion; and he tells it with a learning and a warm human understanding that one encounters rarely today in scholarly works. Obviously, his book will not satisfy the *doctrinaires* of both extreme camps. Indeed, it has serious faults even when viewed objectively. Thus there are no adequate descriptions of the states of agriculture and manufacturing during the period and one gets no sense of the impending doom of the Italians and the economic reasons for the rise of their Atlantic seaboard rivals. Professor Cheyney has no philosophy of history and admits as much; but for the typical work of a vanishing tradition—one which was characterized by real honesty and integrity of spirit, which sought to understand the position of an oppressed class to which it did not belong, and which hated chicanery and fraud—the general reader is recommended to this book. The student will read it because it is an excellent and wise summary of a complex period in Europe's growth.

—Louis M. Hacker

British Economic Foreign Policy. *By J. Henry Richardson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 250 pages. $3.00.*

FEW Americans and no Republicans appear to understand that since the War, and especially since 1931, the Mother Country which our right-thinking citizens hold in such reverence has moved further and much more

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rapidly toward collectivism than we have under Franklin Roosevelt. Professor J. Henry Richardson, formerly of the International Labor Office in Geneva, presents facts and figures so startling that he prefers to couch them in academic terms. He shows, first, that during the twenties British trade and production far surpassed the pre-War level, but that the slump which culminated in the currency crisis of September, 1931, led to a revolution that history is likely to place on a par with the passing of the Reform Bill almost exactly a century before. After a sudden trade recession and an unfavorable balance of payments, production picked up again, but in a new England. Abandonment of free trade meant the end of *laissez-faire* and, in the field of foreign policy, called for new orientations. For the moment, at any rate, the Empire has drawn closer together and the affairs of other nations carry less weight with the occupants of Downing Street. Professor Richardson finds economics ousting politics from the saddle; it might be more accurate to say that new economic relationships are creating a new foreign policy. Foreign investments no longer play an important rôle; they have almost ceased during the past five years. The British farmer receives more attention, even at the expense of the national standard of living. Professor Richardson does not wholly approve of the rising tariff barriers, but he knows a table of figures when he sees one and he passes on plenty of them to the reader. Literally hundreds of LIVING AGE devotees should consult, if not purchase, this invaluable volume.

—QUINCY HOWE

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GOLD STANDARD. *By Gustav Cassel. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1936. 262 pages. $2.25.*

PROFESSOR CASSEL'S new book is likely to prove the most formidable of the many recent attacks on the gold standard, partly because its author worked so hard for so many years to secure a restoration of that standard on fundamentally traditional lines. He now confesses the final hopelessness of any such attempt, and presents an indictment of the metallic basis that is really unanswerable. For instance: an automatic relation between gold reserves and the price level is cardinal to the working of the system. It has not obtained since the War, and if it were to be restored the consequences would be appalling. All the devices of central banking are now being used to prevent it.

Is there any prospect that conditions in the calculable future will make such a restoration feasible? Not the slightest. Mr. Roosevelt informed the London Economic Conference in 1933 that 'this is not the time to dissipate gold reserves.' 'Indeed, if there ever has been a time for "dissipating gold reserves," it was on that occasion. If those in power refused to do anything for a reasonable redistribution of gold at a moment when the international situation indicated such action as being singularly well grounded and indeed urgent, there is surely no hope for a better opportunity, nor for a restoration of an international gold standard system.'

Internationally speaking, gold movements have not played for years their traditional rôle of balancing international indebtedness. Instead they now constitute massive and dangerous flights of capital. Total gold hoards are now more than equivalent to total world imports. Their *raison d'être* is in many cases—particularly that of Japan—avowedly expansionist and militant. Further, if by 'management' conditions can be eventually so arranged that a return to gold would be moderately safe, what on earth would then be gained by taking the step? Why not just keep on managing? That is in fact what we shall do. Professor Cassel does not prophesy beyond the near future; but for that period the extension of the sterling bloc is his prescription, with the inevitable surrender of the gold bloc on moderate but unequivocal terms.

The book is a challenge that cannot be ignored. It is clear, courageous and convincing. The policies—if the term may pass—of the United States are so deeply involved in the issue that one would think an American edition would be justified.

—WILLIAM ORTON

MEN OF GOOD WILL. Volume V: THE EARTH TREMBLES. Book IX: FLOOD WARNING. Book X. THE POWERS THAT BE. *By Jules Romains. Translated from the French by Gerald Hopkins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. 583 pages. $3.00.*

THE OLIVE FIELD. *By Ralph Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1936. 477 pages. $2.50.*

THESE two novels are preludes to disaster. *The Earth Trembles* brings Jules Romains's vast work through the years 1910–11, from

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Briand's suppression of the general strike to Caillaux's improvisations after Agadir. We could forget our history and from these pages foretell 1914. Likewise, *The Olive Field* treats of a period of preparation—the two years preceding the Asturian revolt.

Unity should not be demanded of a single part of Romains's unfinished cycle. Unity of idea it certainly has. The book is almost wholly concerned with the arms merchants' intrigues on one hand and on the other the struggle for peace by intellectuals, trade unionists, international syndicalists and statesmen.

The author describes so many groups, however, that he is forced to take them up successively and to develop the different phases in slowly converging lines with little structural connection. The reader leaps from sphere to sphere, much as if he were turning through a newspaper from international politics to domestic, from art to the social column.

Indeed, the general impression is that of intelligent journalism given permanence. Mr. Romains so skilfully blends his fiction with recorded fact that the American may not always know which personages are real, which invented.

It would be easy to criticize *The Olive Field* for its vagaries in mood and tempo, or to point out that the incidental essays on the liturgy, folklore and music belong less to a narrative than to a traveler's notebook. Ralph Bates' vigor triumphs over these faults. In fact, the digressions add to the richness of the background, give life to the characters. Our sharing the details of their labor makes us understand the anarchist workers, Caro and Mudarra. The love rivalry of these two friends, traditional and Carmenesque, hardly matters. What does matter is their reconciliation in a common cause, and the upsurging spirit of freedom that they embody. The liberal, discouraged by events in Spain, should read this novel for new understanding and fresh confidence.

—D'Elbert Keenan

French Chateaux Open to the Public. *By Angus Holden and Ralph Dutton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. 156 pages. $2.00.*

Sunshine and Dust: A Journey Through Italy and the Alps. *By Anne Bosworth Greene. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1936. 540 pages. $4.00.*

Tyrolean June. *By Nina Murdoch. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. 1936. 280 pages. $3.00.*

THE first of these books is a valuable pocket-size guide to sixty-nine of the great castles and houses of France. The description of each is preceded by information on the owner, the hours of opening, the situation of the chateau, and the cost of admission. The introduction is an excellent brief survey of the subject, and there are a number of good photographs.

The second is a narrative of travel in Italy and the Swiss Alps, written in a personal but not painfully chatty manner. Mrs. Greene knows a vast deal about the country she travels through, but her knowledge is displayed in a way that never becomes overwhelming or tedious, and her devotion to all that is still beautiful in Italy glows from every page of her book.

The beautiful reproductions of photographs (the work of Dr. Defner, of Innsbruck) that accompany the text of *Tyrolean June* add to our pleasure in the book, but are hardly necessary, so skilfully does Miss Murdoch's pen recreate the loveliness of the mountain country and the delights of Innsbruck and of medieval villages and churches. Tyrolean folklore and legend, interwoven with keen observation and well-phrased description, make this a very welcome travel-book indeed.

—H. B.

Books Received

The Heart Awakes. *By M. B. Kennicott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. $2.50.*

The Bells of Basel. *By Louis Aragon. Translated from the French by Haakon L. Chevalier. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1936. $2.50.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

Propaedeusis and Catachresis

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Dear Sir:—I think that Mr. Raymond Mortimer's article on surrealism in your August number is sufficiently incomplete to demand correction. It seems to me a very superficial appraisal of a subject which deserves much deeper consideration. For nobody can deny that surrealism has been the most influential art movement in Europe during the past decade. Yet Mr. Mortimer dismisses it in sum as exhibitionism, as eccentricity, as maladjustment!

Mr. Mortimer's facts are all accurate, and I must own that he has presented them in very winning colors, but, either through negligence or prejudice, he has failed to present their deeper implications. He has ignored altogether the philosophical bases of surrealism.

The principal hiatus is in the matter of the unconscious as an æsthetic factor. The basic premise of surrealism is the validity of unconscious thought as material for art, a belief that is founded, I think, in the just observation that whenever to a poem or painting of the past the term 'pure inspiration' could be applied, that of 'subconscious dictation' could be substituted for it.

André Breton, the intellectual mouthpiece of the movement, has defined surrealism as: 'Pure psychic automatism, by which it is intended to express . . . the real process of thought. Thought's dictation, in the absence of all control exercised by the reason and outside all æsthetic or moral preoccupations.'

Seen from the outside, surrealism amounts to the conscious exploitation for artistic purposes of the logic of natural (as opposed to rational) association. Mr. Mortimer is most unjust when he neglects to mention that for nearly ten years the surrealist group in Paris has conducted a systematic and, if you like, 'scientific' laboratory of experimentation in the expression of subconscious phenomena. Their use of the dream has not been haphazard, much as their private lives might suggest it. Working collectively, the group has explored the various aspects and potentialities of the 'Super-Real.'

Historically, surrealism was, of course, the inevitable complement of Freudianism. The first *result* of Freud was the psychoanalytical novel; the second, and the deeper, was the use of the dream-world as a mine for subject matter, in painting as well as writing. Whether we like it or not, and I take it that Mr. Mortimer does not like it, Freud has left a heavy mark on our world, and Mr. Mortimer cannot dispense with an entire *Weltanschauung* by saying that 'the subconscious is the least interesting part of a human being.' When he attempts to do so, when he rejects the basis of surrealism, he is simply ludicrous, or, to borrow a favorite expression from Signor Mussolini, he is an-historical!

I am entirely incompetent to judge of the final æsthetic value of the unconscious as material for art, but of one thing I am certain, that this is, next to that of propaganda, the most immediate problem in the world of art today, and that no young writer or painter now beginning a serious career can, or *will*, so entirely does this obstacle block the road, fail to confront it, and, once aware of it, fail to profit by the propaedeusis of the surrealists.

Mr. Mortimer's second inadequacy is his misinterpretation of the surrealist's systematic use of catachresis. For him it is only a desire to 'show off,' to startle, or to amuse. Now it is quite true that the surrealist wishes to *shock* his audience, but not merely for the sake of the shocking: there is an end in view—and a constructive one. The surrealists are social revolutionaries who believe that one great obstacle to reform is the ossification of the terminologies which condition mass action. As a solvent to a logical difficulty they apply an analogical cure. By the juxtaposition of unrelated objects or processes in their pictures, and unrelated words or ideas in their writing, they hope to set in motion in the mind of observer or reader a revolutionary train of thought which will culminate in an aptitude for the revision of the social concepts.

Redefinition by incongruity is a keystone of surrealism, and Mr. Mortimer has ignored it. It might be well for him to study Kenneth Burke's illuminating chapter on 'Argument By Analogy' in his book *Permanence and Change*, in which the growth of the technique of per-

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spective by incongruity—through Nietzsche and Bergson to the contemporary linguistic innovators—is brilliantly outlined.

By causing gold watches to drip from the keys of a piano Salvador Dali does not try to pull our legs, but to startle us out of the trained mental incapacity which prevents a reorientation of verbal concepts to fit the patterns of the changed real world of today. The type of mental process which prevents a man from thinking that watches *could* drip from pianos is identical with that which prevents a banker from thinking that industry *could* be socialized.

Much more could be said to illustrate the breadth and profundity of surrealist thinking, but I do not wish to exaggerate in my direction as Mr. Mortimer has in his. I am not a surrealist by profession or inclination but I am convinced that a strong Left-wing is just as necessary to healthy art as to healthy politics. Precisely as the Democrats and Republicans have adopted planks from the Socialist platform, so writers and painters will make use of the most fertile discoveries of the surrealists. Already the imagery of conventional French verse is richer, and broader in scope because of the surrealist exploitation of the dream. And I hardly think that American artists will consider themselves too wealthy at least to prospect in such a lode.

I have just learned that the Surrealist Exhibition will be shown in New York this season; thus your readers will be able to judge for themselves between Mr. Mortimer and myself.

—James Laughlin IV.

Company Towns Again

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Sir:—I have your letter . . . in reference to the statement you made in your August issue, in reference to company dominated towns, giving a list of such towns.

I have lived in the neighborhood of many of these towns for nearly seventy years. As regards Aliquippa, Braddock, McKeesport, Rankin, Ambridge, Duquesne, Homestead, I have a more or less intimate knowledge. I know the labor conditions; I know the men at the head of the business enterprises which make the towns, and their attitude towards labor, and what the social conditions are existing in these towns. I have no interest in these enterprises, but I have for many years had an active part in relief and social improvement work. Ambridge is within five miles of me, and Aliquippa within ten miles. I have seen both of them grow from farms into the manufacturing towns they now are. The people in these towns are my customers. They have been and are in my employ in my home and in my office, and I speak from knowledge, not from the prejudiced and unfair so-called 'surveys' made. I regret that a magazine which I esteem so highly, and which I have read continuously for so many years should print such unfair and untrue propaganda. It is unfortunate for me that I must now question editorial opinions in The Living Age.

—A. C. Robinson

Sewickley, Pa.

[The statements about 'company towns' made in the August and September issues of The Living Age were based upon information supplied by private sources which were believed to be neither 'prejudiced' nor 'unfair.' But on an issue such as this it is impossible to make a statement which will seem equally true to everyone. We should be glad to hear from other readers who have personal knowledge of conditions in the towns we listed. The Editor.]

And Flowers

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Sir:—I have enjoyed reading The Living Age and possessing a copy from the time when it was a small convenient pocket edition (at least forty years ago!). It was always the favored magazine to be bought for a journey—short or long—by sea or train. Its possession was a good introduction to the world at large and a guarantee of quality.

I continue to admire its sureness of data, its broadminded general survey of world topics, its universality. Its outward appearance as well as its inward grace stand for the highest mentality in the civilization of our time. I would that more people could possess it.

—Mabel Whitmore

Millbrook, N. Y.

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AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

A Symposium—VI

IT WILL be recalled that several months ago The Living Age asked certain members of its Advisory Council to express their opinions on two of the most important problems then confronting America. The first question was whether the United States should become a member of the League of Nations or should coöperate to any extent with the sanctions then about to be imposed upon Italy. The other question related to the wisest neutrality policy for the United States, both in respect of the Italo-Ethiopian War and in case of further European complications.

The answers to these questions were so numerous, so enlightening and frequently so lengthy, and the interest in them manifested by our readers has been so clearly sustained, that the editors expect to devote this and one or two further issues to a continuance of the discussion.

As Dr. Charles G. Fenwick, professor of political science at Bryn Mawr College, wrote in the *American Journal of International Law* for July, because of the success of the Italian campaign in Ethiopia despite the public condemnation of Italy by the League of Nations and the economic sanctions applied by the League, there has been a general reaction on the part of public opinion in the United States that the League is a 'failure.' But, as Professor Fenwick points out, while the principle of collective security as applied to international relations has not been sustained, other important functions of the League, such as those concerned with the organization and administration of social and economic activities, remain unaffected by the failure of collective security. Conceding the vital importance of this function, Dr. Fenwick outlines, in the course of his interesting paper, several forms of reorganization which may yet be applied to the League, to the end that it shall become, in spite of what has foregone, an effective agency of peace.

Some of the letters published below tend to confirm this spirit of optimism, while others express a contrary view. The editors feel that no apology is necessary for the amount of space devoted to them, for they believe that the letters published constitute one of the most interesting chapters this symposium has yet offered.

FROM Dr. Mary E. Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., was received a letter which deserves publication in full. Limitations of space prevent this, but no discussion of the topic would be complete without quoting briefly from Dr. Woolley's letter:—

> Whatever may be the criticism of the League of Nations, there is no question with regard to its value as a potential power for safeguarding the peace of the world. It has done that already, more effectually than the public realizes, for there can never be complete categories of the disasters from which we have been saved.

Dr. Woolley feels that if the League ultimately fails in efforts to save the principle of 'collective security,' this failure may be due, to a certain extent, to lack of coöperation by the United States. In this connection Dr. Woolley says:—

> Well, what difference will it make if the League does fail? Why should we not go our own way? Let the other nations of the world 'fight it out;' keep safely out of it ourselves, except, of course, by taking advantage of the opportunity to line our own pockets. We used to follow that policy, why not now?
>
> One answer to that question is that even if we are thinking exclusively, or even chiefly, of 'safety first' it might be well to remember that today is not yesterday. In other words, the possibility of yesterday has become the impossibility of today. We simply cannot hold

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aloof from the rest of the world; there is no such thing as isolation; the marvelous mechanization of the day in which we live means a closely knit world, united 'for better, for worse;' for the principle for which the liberal, far-sighted citizens of the world are struggling is the principle of *collective security*, the only security in a world that has become a neighborhood. And we, here in the United States of America, have a chance to 'aid and abet'—or to undercut—that effort for the security of the future.

PROFESSOR Stephen H. Bush, of the Department of Romance Languages, State University of Iowa, feels that in spite of failures, disappointments and shortcomings,

'The League of Nations is the one force on earth which looks towards order and coöperation among nations. . . . The choice between the League of Nations and no League is a choice between an effort to curb anarchy and a continuation of that anarchy. . . . It is true that the League has, like all human institutions, functioned badly. There is every reason why it should. But as an institution which might develop, which has immense possibilities for good, which is the only hope against international anarchy, it should be supported.'

THOMAS W. GOSLING, educator and philanthropist, now residing in Washington, D. C., looks upon the League of Nations 'as the embodiment of one of the greatest hopes of the world.' Continuing, Mr. Gosling writes:—

I realize the full weight of the accusations that are made by its opponents. It is said to be weak, ineffective, and selfish. Serious as such defects are, they should not involve final condemnation of a plan which is in its first stage of development. In the field of social and political institutions, it is like a child that is weak, ineffective, and selfish, still creeping along the floor, unable to walk, inadequate to meet the many responsibilities which later will come, and who yet embodies within himself all the potentialities of the greatest of men. A child needs patient care and nurture. So does the League of Nations.

It should be said that this letter was composed before the complete triumph of Italy over Ethiopia. But it is not believed that Mr. Gosling would wish to modify this statement now.

ANOTHER friend of THE LIVING AGE, writing from Washington, is Raymond Clapper, well-known newspaper correspondent and political writer. Mr. Clapper has never thought that the United States should become a member of the League, but believes that the League of Nations may well serve a useful and important world purpose in its influence upon European nations. Adverting to what he believes to be the fact, that public sentiment in this country is opposed to membership in the League of Nations, Mr. Clapper says:—

This position, with which I am personally in full sympathy, need not blind us to the value of the League. Whatever its shortcomings, and they are many, it is serving as a cooler into which disputes may be thrown while the nations gain time to cool down. In this sense it is serving a useful function, but one which I believe is best confined to European powers.

REYNOLDS D. BROWN, well-known member of the Philadelphia Bar, expresses the view that had the United States been a member of the League of Nations from the beginning, the influence of the League would have been so increased that it would have been able to control even an aggressive and powerful nation.

He continues:—

I hope to live to see the day when some political leader will see the force of this view and will urge the people of this country to abandon the narrow opposition to the League which is still prevalent.

Professor James B. Bullitt of the University of North Carolina expresses this opinion also:—

From the very beginning I have felt that we ought to join the League. In spite of its failures and imperfections, I feel as strongly about it today as at the beginning. This is not based

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upon any foolish delusion that this League or any other human organization can ever entirely eliminate war from human affairs. It can avert some wars. It has already done so. It can do much toward directing the course that wars will take and can limit in some measure the results of wars. That is all that can be expected. . . .

We cannot justly ask to have all the advantages of being one of the family of great nations and yet refuse to assume our share of the responsibilities. Even if we desired to do so, we cannot isolate ourselves from the rest of the world. The attempt at such isolation merely deprives us of friends and allies when we are in need.

CURATOR H. E. ANTHONY of the American Museum of Natural History expresses the opposite view. 'I cannot escape the conclusion,' writes Mr. Anthony,

that if the United States had been a member of the League from its inception, we should have been out-maneuvered in the councils and would have found ourselves in a position of responsibility out of all proportion to the contacts this country has with the problems of Europe.

Mr. Anthony believes, however,

that the United States should encourage any constructive decision of the League of Nations even to the extent of legislative endorsement of such issues as will lead to world peace.

PROFESSOR C. W. HEATHCOTE, historian, editor, and author, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, belongs to that group of contributors who believe in the necessity of a new organization, similar to the League of Nations, for the promotion of peace and mutual understanding between nations. He is of the opinion that the constitutional or basic law of the League should prohibit alliances between nations, except for mutual interdependence within the League. Professor Heathcote continues:—

There is an opportunity at the present time in European affairs, since so many vital questions are before these nations, to come to a mutual agreement, to put aside alliances and the mad race of armaments and to start *de novo* to promote the new day for international justice through a League organization which will be unhampered in its efforts to secure permanent judicial settlements.

Under present conditions of organization of the League the United States cannot truly be a member. While we have no entangling alliances, nor do we want any, we cannot belong to a league which will hamper us in our national policies. However, we should be a member of a league which is built upon the principles of national integrity and entity. Our people are not ultra-isolationists; but we are interested in the settlement of international difficulties primarily upon the basis of law. Under these conditions it would not be difficult to secure the support of the people of the United States to membership in an organization guided by these ideals. A league free of fears, alliances, balance of power, phobias, untrammeled and unhampered, is not only the need of the hour, but the hope of world civilization.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, the distinguished editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, writes as follows:—

My own position is that the United States should coöperate with the League of Nations in every way which does not adversely affect our own national interests—that term interpreted in the broadest and most enlightened sense. I myself have always been an advocate of joining the League and still am, except that I think that we should join on the basis of a new covenant and program which would better represent the realities of the international situation.

Professor Karl Scholz of the University of Pennsylvania shares this opinion. He asks how the United States can exercise its influence most effectively in promoting world peace, and answers:—

I firmly believe that neither a program of 'defensive' armaments, nor a policy of national exclusiveness will keep the United States out of war. Our experience with neutrality during the World War should have taught us the futility of such means of maintaining peace. As I see it, world coöperation through some such instrumentality as the League of Nations offers the only practical means of promoting world peace. But the League must have moral power and prestige, if it is to displace physical force as a

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weapon for settling international difficulties. The coöperation of the United States in the League is, in my judgment, even more important today than it was a decade ago.

A NUMBER of friends have written expressing the opinion that the failure of the League of Nations has been in large part due to the aloofness of the United States from the League. Such a letter came from Professor John H. Gerould, of Dartmouth College, whose communication concludes with the following sentiment:—

Hope lies in the coming of great leaders who have the interests of all the people at heart and ability to organize harmonious world adjustments. Armies and navies will then serve as intelligent police, supervising a rational and fair distribution of the world's goods.

'I am of the opinion,' writes William H. Ingersoll of 370 Lexington Avenue, New York City, 'that

had the United States shared its just portion of the world's responsibilities at the founding of the League the record would have been better and history would have read differently in several important respects.'

In the same vein, Professor Emily G. Balch of Wellesley College writes:—

It is singularly unreasonable and ungenerous of us to refuse to join the League because it is too weak to be effective, when the reason it is weak is that we, the pivotal one among its projectors and sponsors, decided 'not to play' after all.

Likewise, Karl P. Harrington of Middletown, Conn., believes that:—

The League of Nations could have been all-powerful, had we joined it at once. In spite of our selfish aloofness, it has accomplished many notable achievements, and could dominate the whole world today for peace and international prosperity and good will, were we willing to admit our mistake and help it function one hundred per cent.

IT IS, however, reasonable to surmise that few, if any, of those who opposed entering the League of Nations from the outset have since been reconciled to a change of view. Admiral W. H. Standley, U. S. Navy, Chief of Naval Operations, writing from Washington, declares with emphasis that 'the United States has no place in the League of Nations.' 'I do not mean by this,' continues Admiral Standley,

that we have no interest in affairs outside of our own country; to the contrary, we are interested in world affairs, and we cannot, if we would, avoid consideration of these affairs as affecting the interests of our own country. It is my firm belief that we can have greater influence and do more toward the maintenance of peace in the world by keeping out of the detailed consideration of the affairs of Europe.

Nor has our friend, C. F. Bailey of Newport News, Va., changed his opinion that 'by all means let us keep free from the League of Nations.'

Likewise Dr. Charles Brockway Gibson, of Chicago is 'irrevocably opposed to the League of Nations. Let us keep out of any and all European encumbrances.'

Professor Walter Barnes of New York University writes:—

Under no imaginable circumstances should we join the League. Nevertheless we should play a stronger, more constructive, less nationalistic rôle in world affairs than we have been playing. Undoubtedly we could render much greater service in the cause of good will and peace on the planet than we have lately been rendering; and, in my opinion, we can do this the more readily if we stay out of the League of Nations.

Professor J. R. Hayden of the University of Michigan also writes:—

I have never believed that the United States should become a member of the League of Nations. The Covenant of the League imposes upon every member a solemn obligation in certain circumstances to utilize its economic and its military power to coerce another nation or other nations. The decision as to when the prescribed circumstances arise is to be made by the League. Recognizing the voice that the representatives of the United States in the League would have in reaching this decision, nevertheless I do not believe it wise that the United States should even to this extent relinquish its freedom to determine its course of action in matters of such gravity.

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Furthermore, I believe that the whole theory of sanctions as expressed in the Covenant of the League is of doubtful validity and of more than doubtful practicality. The League is essentially an organization composed of representatives of nationalistically-minded states, some of which are animated by mutual fear, distrust, and jealousy in their relations with one another. I have never believed that there was reason to expect that the League would rise much higher than its source, and the course of the organization in dealing with the Manchurian problem and the current Italian and German situations confirms this belief. I doubt whether in the present state of international and national morality it is safe to assign to any international political organization the power of life or death over individual nations, or even the power to sit as judge, jury and sheriff in the determination of cases which nations believe to involve their vital interests. I would, without the slightest doubt, oppose the acceptance by the United States of any obligation to be bound by the decisions of such a body.

The League of Nations has performed many useful services, and should it be reorganized along somewhat different lines, I believe that the United States should consider membership in the reorganized League with an open mind.

WE HAVE said that few, if any, originally opposed to the United States' joining the League of Nations have since changed their views. On the other hand, many who originally favored membership in the League of Nations now express a contrary opinion.

Thus Professor E. A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin writes:—

Although fifteen years ago I was strongly of the opinion that this country should join the League of Nations in order to win world peace, I am gradually becoming an isolationist.

It is very unlikely that, as a member of the League, this country would be able to prevent war among some of the Great Powers, while it is very likely that we should become embroiled in quarrels originating on another continent.

Similarly, Dr. Christopher B. Coleman, director of the Historical Bureau, Department of Education, state of Indiana, writes:—

I favored the United States entering the League when it was formed and would have been glad to see the United States become a member at almost any time thereafter. The situation, however, is more unfavorable now than in any of the intervening years and I would not favor any movement whatever looking toward this country joining the League.

William Edward Adams, educator and lecturer, writing from Spokane, Washington, says:—

I was one of the strongest for the League of Nations, speaking of and for it many times in my Chautauqua work. I still believe that such a League, backed by all nations, and enforced by an international police system and court, is the only solution of our peaceful settlement of necessary differences between nations. . . . Possibly, if we had entered in the first place, our influence might have saved the day; but as it is, it would appear to me to be the utmost foolishness to enter now.

Professor Leslie M. Broughton of Cornell University writes:—

At the close of the Great War I was much in favor of our close coöperation in aiding Europe to solve her problems. That we should join the League of Nations and the World Court appeared to me to be our obvious course. I am sorry to say that my views have radically changed during the last ten years.

Other letters of equal significance and sincerity will appear in the November number of THE LIVING AGE.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE Committee of the People's Mandate to Governments to End War (Biltmore Hotel, New York) has begun a drive to obtain the signatures of 5,000,000 people in the United States on a petition opposing war. When completed, the petition will be presented to the Pan-American Peace Conference, scheduled to open in Buenos Aires on December 1. According to officials of the Committee, 10,000,000 such signatures have already been gathered in Europe. The goal of the movement is to have 50,000,000 people throughout the world subscribe their names to a formal solicitation of the Governments to end war. The American committee is headed by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, honorary chairman; Dr. Mary E. Woolley, chairman; and Miss Mabel Vernon, director. Miss Grace Abbott, Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Miss Lillian D. Wald are acting as vice chairmen, Mrs. Raymond Clapper as secretary, Mrs. Gerard Swope as treasurer, and Mrs. Huston Thompson as assistant treasurer.

THE newest publication of the Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York) is *War Drums and Peace Plans* (35 cents), a 'Headline Book' by Raymond Leslie Buell and Ryllis Alexander Goslin. The theme is the danger of a second world war.

THE Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People (156 Fifth Avenue, New York) writes that it is conducting a campaign to save Mrs. Arthur Ewert from deportation to Germany. According to the Committee, Mrs. Ewert, who is the wife of a former Communist member of the German Reichstag, has been held in a Brazilian prison for more than eight months. Recently President Getulio Vargas signed a decree which calls for deporting her to Germany. There, the Committee claims, she is almost certain to be locked up in a concentration camp. The Committee hopes to be able to persuade the Brazilian Government to permit Mrs. Ewert to go voluntarily to some other country, where she will not face arrest and imprisonment. It invites the support of all liberal Americans.

THE National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners (156 Fifth Avenue, New York) is initiating a nation-wide campaign to bring pressure on the U. S. State Department to take action demanding the release of one Lawrence Simpson, an American seaman, who was seized by the Gestapo on June 28, 1935, as his ship, the *S. S. Manhattan*, lay at anchor sixty miles from Hamburg. Simpson was charged with having anti-Nazi literature in his locker on shipboard, and was placed in the Fuhlsbüttel Concentration Camp near Hamburg. There he was held for nine months, and was then transferred to the Moabit Prison in Berlin. Since his arrest more than fourteen months ago he has been held without trial and virtually incommunicado. The German courts have categorically refused all requests for permission to have foreign counsel represent Simpson at his trial, which is scheduled to open on September 28. Unless the Government of the United States intervenes, he will be tried before Nazi judges, prosecuted by a Nazi prosecutor, and defended by a Nazi attorney appointed by the Court. The Committee urges every American who is interested in the cause of justice to aid in this campaign.

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